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MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

By Mrs. JANE ERMINA LOCKE.

BOSTON:
OTIS, BROADERS, AND COMPANY.
M DCCC XLII.

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PREFACE.

THE following Poems have been selected from the author's manuscripts, and placed in this more durable and neighborhood form, with scarce an apology, except that made by a more gifted one under similar circumstances, the mantle of whose popularity she presumes not to expect will fall on these pages, — "To throw them into a kind of companionship, so that all may rejoice or suffer together."

They have for the most part been written for her own amusement, — to relieve the soul of what would cumber it unuttered, or hush the clamors of a native gift, — some of them in her veriest youth, and many of them in seasons of extreme debility.

Many of them have already been published in the various periodicals of the day; and the tokens of respect

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and interest they have kindly received from many, personally unknown to her, with the kind solicitations of many friends, have induced her thus to send them forth, with the faint hope they will, as a whole, meet with the same friendship and forbearance which she would here gratefully acknowledge many of them have already received at the public hand.

J. E. L.

Lowell, January, 1842.

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DEDICATION.

So much thy tenderness and love I owe,
So much the constant care thou dost bestow,
Thou, who to thy kind bosom's fond caress
Hast ta'en and cherished me, dost daily bless;
Whose ever tender smile rich joy can yield,
And from the cold world's blighting breath doth shield,
That of my lyre I dedicate each lay
To thee, — the token of our brightest day,
And thus reveal my heart's untiring aim,
To show myself but worthier of thy name.

What though no laurel yet the world has laid
In homage low, to freshen on thy head,
While rough the blast misfortune's withering breath
Has blown at thee, — and the dark cypress wreath
Has sickness twined about thy youthful brow,
And made thee at the shrines of sorrow bow
An early votary there? * *

* * * *

Thy future dark — yet what is that to me?
My dearest, earliest hopes were given to thee;

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No joy beside, in love, in fondness wild,
Of woman's stature, but at heart a child.
Not of the world, the lesson first I learned
Of thee; for what of earth partook I spurned;
To me thou wast of that mysterious band
Who people all the poet's dreamy land,
While on thy minstrel heart a harp had slept,
Whose waking chords thy hand in joyance swept.*
Unloving else, alone I e'er had dwelt
In vision's clime, pouring the thoughts that melt
As burning lava inmost on the soul,
Until the heart were shriveled as a scroll.

Well I remember, on our bridal morn,
Thy look of lofty pride and manly scorn,—
The rich rejoicings sparkling in thine eye,
While language failed to tell how deep thy joy.
Nor did thine eye with prouder pleasure beam
Than mine, when truth came o'er our cherished dream.
Full on thy lip trembled the ready vow,
Ever "to love and cherish" me as now.
My willing hand I gave — I had no more —
Thy vow responded, and the scene was o'er.
Yet on my cheek I felt the unbidden tear
As to thy home I turned with maiden fear,

* The author's husband was early known as a worshiper of the Muses, till stern necessity, in the hard toil for others' welfare, compelled him to put on "man's iron nature," and hang his lyre — not on the palm. A few of his poems, however, have been gathered up by unknown hands, and sprinkled over the literature of the land without a name, as faint and feeble exotics amid a garden of cultivated native plants.

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Laden at heart: my wealth, my world was there,
Nor doubted once thy love or tender care.

But why attempt to paint the hallowed scene?
Words were no language e'er to intervene;
And the dull, heartless world may listen ne'er,
In selfish joy, to such rehearsal here;
Or they may sneer; these lines MAY yet be read,
When we are sleeping with the silent dead;
Or it *may* chance our children's children may
Pause o'er these pages, at some future day,
And this, of all, arrest their curious eye,
And hold an influence o'er their destiny:
Treasured with kindly thought and grateful heart,
May be the lesson these same lines impart.
Long years have been — are to be; what our lot,
Whether rich blessing's crown, or sorrow's blot,
Is wisely hidden from our narrow view:
And who would read his line of being through?
No ill so dark but I can calmly bide,
If spared to me *unchanged* my bosom pride.

What others prize, I cheerfully forego, —
All outward circumstance, all pomp and show;
Nay, count them mean, so much I hold above
Domestic quiet, spiced with wedded love;
And ne'er to others' threshold press for joy,
While free my heart from grief's too sad alloy;
Or join the dance, or song, or giddy crowd,
While pure around my home the sky from cloud.
Thus do I prove where dwells my chiefest joy, —
How rich the fount whence I may quaff, nor cloy;

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Thus prove how poor indeed the world's caress,
When holier love my heart doth secret bless.

Perchance thou yet may'st tread thy path alone,
Early *divided*, we who now are one:
I dwell not on that hour; it may be yet;—
Kind Heaven, avert! that hour I would forget.
Yet, *should* it come, may each, my simplest lay,
Awake bright visions in thy lonely way,
And o'er it kindest recollections shine
Of that idolater, too fondly thine;
And, as thou feel'st a *parent's* tender joy,
Let these be given to thy darling boy;
And teach the daughter what her mother loved,—
The sentiments she felt, and here approved.

No songs I bring of eastern peopled shades,
No charmed offerings, as "Aonian maids,"
No garlands fresh from foreign beauty's brow,
No lays to which proud royalty may bow;
But humble flowers from fair Columbia's land,
With treasured tales of her bright pilgrim band;*
Wreaths to adorn departed glory's crest,
And strengthen virtue in the living breast:
Let, then, each one, my humblest, simplest lay,
Awake fond visions of our brightest day.

* A long poem, of several cantos, founded on incidents in our American Revolution, which it was the original design of the author to have connected with the following poems, she has deferred, thinking it not sufficiently complete for present publication.

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POEMS.

ELFRED AND ELLEN.

Who is that meek and blushing bride,
Who standeth at the altar's side,
Her spirit beaming deep and high,
Through the dark lashes of her eye,
And the strong love her soul hath borne,
Poured, as the fulness of the morn,
Into one broad and melting ray,
O'erpowering as the noon of day?

And whose that tall and slender form,
Uprising from the world's rude storm,
On whom she leans? That manly tone
And lofty bearing speak him one
Of no mean birth, or wont to bow
Or cringe before the haughty brow;

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And that high front betrays a soul
Born for no tyrant's rude control.
But his thin frame, — with strength and power
'T was girt, in manhood's dawning hour,
When sickness o'er it threw her blight,
And left it delicate and slight,
As the weak girl's; and ills of earth
Were gathered round his father's hearth,
With him; e'en when a merry boy,
Faded from life his highest joy, —
A mother's smile — that tender smile,
As on her eldest born ere while
She gazed, and long and fervent prayed
That every sorrow might be stayed
From him, token of woman's lot,
And mutual love's first pledge, first blot.

But faithful prayers not all avail,
And blessings asked in meekness fail;
'T is mercy holdeth back the cup,
Ere erring man has drank it up.
And thus was this withheld; for grief
And woe had dotted every leaf
And every page, up to this hour,
Of his life's record; one fair flower
Upon his bosom blushed and smiled,
But perished soon. The chastened child

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Of sorrow had young Elfred been;
But now upon his brow was seen
The flush of hope; the joy-lit eye,
Told grief and sorrow had gone by,
And dreams of earth, bright dreams, were his,
As years unveiled their mysteries
Of love and bliss. That gentle one
He long had loved, and she had won,
Kindly and oft, the breaking sigh
Of bitter grief and agony
From his full heart; and her soft smile
Had lightened hours of wasting toil,—
Such toil as makes ambition bleed,
And leaves the soul a bruised reed.
Without her kind and fond caress,
Earth had no hope, no power to bless;
And what was life without his smile?
In the rough sea, a cloud-girt isle.
Her early dreams had gathered up
Their might, their power, nay, all their hope,
And gone forth unto him to claim
Reality for vision's flame;
They wound his spirit close around,
And in one hope their being bound;
And now they stand,—that gentle pair,—
To leave their love's full record there.

Ellen, in modest guise arrayed,
No taste for gaud or show displayed;

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One simple rose adorned her hair;
Dark curls bedecked her forehead fair;
While the rich lace its meshes threw
O'er her pale face, and hid from view,
By many a light and varied fold,
Her bosom's slight and fairy mould;
And light as leaves of linden flowers,
That bloom in breathless Attic bowers,
The gauzy robe from Persia's loom,
Bedewed with every rich perfume,
That maidens e'er are fond to try,
From spicy groves of Araby;
The tiny foot gently around,
A snowy satin slipper bound;
And round the white and slender wrist
Sparkled the purple amethyst;
Yet brighter still, within her eye,
Beamed forth the spirit's ecstasy:
The pearly tear has gathered there,
A gem far richer and more fair
Than those that on her bosom shine,
Dazzling and bright from Afric's mine;
Ay, smiles and tears are mingling there,
Foretelling future bliss and care.

But Elfred, while his soul beat high,
Stood up in manhood's dignity,
Nor dreamed that aught of earth had power
To dim the glory of that hour.

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Alas, for love this side the tomb!
It hath no during, fadeless bloom;
And woe for those who yield the soul
Up to its guidance and control,—
Who kneel, in dream, and hope, and prayer,
Before its shrine, and worship there!

The vows were past, and joy and woe
Had mingled in one gentle flow;—
For that long-loved, departing maid,
Both age and youth adieus had said,
And pressed the hand, and wished the day
Of love and bliss might last for aye;
And followed them with smile and tear,
Till youngest eyes were dim and blear;
Then turned and wiped the watery sight,
Pouring the song of wild delight.

It was a fair and lovely morn,
Like those when forest leaves are borne
On autumn's gentle winds along,
To mingle with the mighty throng
Of blighted things, foliage and flowers,
And silent hearts, whose hopes were ours,
That Elfred took his youthful bride,
From lovely glen and green hill-side,
From dashing stream and rivulet,
Whose haunts she never could forget,

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To his own proud and titled home,
Where cares of earth might never come,
If sorrow's dwelling were alone
With the poor, low, unhonored one:
Alas! she visits courts and kings,
And sits on earth with mighty things.
The lofty tower, the 'scutcheoned hall,
The turret high and bannered wall,
Are but the blazonry that tells
Where sorrow in proud seeming dwells.

Awhile 't was joy and gladness all,
And wine-cups sparkled in the hall;
Gay mirth and beauty lingered round,
As they in fairy spell were bound.
At length 't was changed, — that blissful scene,
And pleasure sate in sorrow's mien;
Elfred's bright hopes away were torn,
That his fond bosom erst had borne.

Twelve waning moons had not yet passed,
And blanching care was settling fast
On Ellen's cheek; the sunken look,
That hearts of steel might scarcely brook;
The longing gaze, the hollow eye,
Spoke out the soul's deep agony!
She told it not; words could not tell
The blight that on her spirit fell;

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No bard, no lyre, no plaintive song,
Could breathe it forth; — it was not wrong,
Or unkind words, or faithlessness,
That in her heart awoke distress.

Bred in a still and wild retreat,
She had not learned, as yet, to meet
The cold world's breath; her heart was made
For love alone; — the slightest shade
Of blighting grief or wasting care
Had fallen like Egypt's mildew there;
Or had the vision of her soul,
That reveled there without control,
But faded — as on earth must fade
Such dreams, such love, when thus arrayed —
She had gone down, a blighted thing,
To the still grave; the mighty spring
Of her whole being broke and past,
As on the sweeping tempest blast
Passes the chilled and broken flower,
The fairest one of beauty's bower.

Had it? Ay, even now the spell
Was fading from her soul; the swell,
The tide of earth's reality,
Was rolling on and sweeping by
Each fair and visionary thing;
And this was but their withering.

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Her spirit could not stoop to earth,
It was of higher, loftier birth;
And daily wrestled to be free,
Coping with immortality.

O, what an hour of grief and woe
Was that to Elfred, when the flow
Of her bright spirit backward rushed,
And in the depth of gloom was hushed!
He strove to dry the gathering tear,
And the grief-stricken soul to cheer.
Alas! for nought repaid his toil;
No cheering word or tender smile,
Nor bird, nor flower, dispelled the gloom
That seemed a darkness from the tomb.
She faded in that still retreat,
Where morning's every breath was sweet,
While her heart shriveled day by day,
As passing from the earth away.
Ere long, the look of weariness
Was changed to anguish and distress;
And the chill shivering o'er her spread,
Bespoke a gathering to the dead.

* * * *

The night was still and undisturbed,
Save by the moans that rose uncurbed
Amid their prayers, from the sad group
Around her couch. She hears the swoop

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Of the dark angel's shadowy wing;
And by the moonbeam's quivering,
Through the wild rose-tree blooming there,
Shedding its fragrance on the air,
Is seen the hollow, glazing eye,
On glory fixed above the sky,
Her lip to Elfred's then she pressed,
And wished him blessed, forever blessed;
Then poured her soul in one wild lay,
And passed from earth's bright things away.

"Thou joyous lark, I'd upmount with thee,
And link mine to thy high destiny;
Leaving this world, with its hope and fear,
To those whose passions confine them here.
Mine hath no kindred with love of earth;
It hath a higher and holier birth:
There are longings here I cannot endure,
And yearnings deep for a sky more pure,—
'Voids in the heart to which none reply:'
Are they not answered in yon bright sky?
Hope blooms but to fade, in this bleak land;
Estranged oft are hearts of a kindred band;
Here cherished visions fade early away,
And treasured joys at noontide decay;
The youthful pledge passes soon from the heart,
And holiest vows in manhood depart!
Inscribed in the paths where beloved ones tread,—
And devious their way,—'To the dead! *to the dead!*'

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Earth's brightest joys are but weariness,
And its glorious things, — they fail to bless.
Ah, nothing endures; its tear and its smile,
Its love and beauty, — all, *all* beguile!
Weary of earth, swift bird of the sky,
I'd take thy fleet wing for worlds on high:
The body may dwell unpinioned here;
The spirit was formed for a wider sphere."

They parted Elfred from his dead,
And bathed the brow; but life had fled!
The sigh was breathed, and poured the tear;
Both men and maidens wreathed the bier;
While ever on that solemn morn
Were fragrant wild flowers yearly borne,
And scattered round their lowly bed,
With words of sorrow, weeping said,
For them, the early lost, — the dead.

Earth is a dark and fearful spot
For hearts that love, and life a lot
Of weariness, of bitter woe,
Where tears of sorrow daily flow;
Yet tending but to purify
Our souls, and fit us for the sky.

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THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Thou lordly mansion, where are they
  Who trod thy brilliant halls,—
Who touched the harp, or waked the lay,
  Within thy splendid walls?
Thou now art desolate and still;
  Hushed is the mirthful tread;
And thine who sat on fame's high hill,
  Are with the mighty dead.

On thy deserted roof, moss-clad,
  Dark desolation sits;
Where rose the song of many, glad,
  The lone bat nightly flits:
Within thy crumbling doric dome
  The dismal owl retreats,
All dolorous, chooses that her home,
  And there her wailing metes.

Alas! the only drapery now
  Around thy casements flung,
Is but the vine's neglected bough,
  Upon the cornice hung;
Untrained, across thy threshold stone,
  The honeysuckle falls;
And, though neglected, blossoms on,
  Round thy deserted walls.

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A lovely thing — e'en dark decay
  Settles on that no blight;
And desolation's dreary stay
  Creates no flowerless night;
There, where thy fluted columns rise,
  The mountain daisy springs,
While the choked tulip wasting lies,
  And round no incense flings.

The rose, in fragrance that once bloomed
  Along thy shaded walk,
And all the morning air perfumed,
  Now stands a leafless stalk.
I tread upon thy lonely hearth,
  And shrink with hallowed breath;
For thoughts of saddened tone take birth,
  As in the hall of death.

Who would not linger thoughtful here,
  Around this lone abode,
And, touched with spell of romance, fear,
  Where silent ones have trod?
Here learn we much of mortal change,
  Nature and art's decay;
Here deep reflection far may range,
  And read, — "*passing away.*"

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THE MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

Sad heritor art thou,
My beauteous boy;
Yet never may'st thou bow
To earth's alloy.

Thine was no princely birth;
No glittering royalty,
Or dignities of earth,
Waited on thee.

No tissue overspreads
Thy cradle bed;
Or splendid drapery shades
Thy infant head.

Ungartered and unstarred
Thy father's line;
Yet a proud name unmarred,
My boy, is thine.

Preserve it pure and free,
On glory's page;
'T is all we have for thee,—
Thy heritage.

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A lowly lot, my son,
Thine own may be;
A dark and dreary one
Thy destiny.

And thus my heart, to give
Thee to the world,
It pains; so pure, to live
By fashion whirled.

Its cold, repulsive breath
Thy heart may rive,
Or folly's flowering wreath
Thy spirit gyve.

Fain would I hold thee back,
My infant still;
Lest manhood's widened track
Be choked with ill.

But go; the God of heaven
Will be thy guide;
To him thy hopes be given,
And firm abide.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sept. 23, 1831.

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EARTH'S WEARY ONES.

Open the grave, the vaulted grave,
For the weary ones of earth;
They are pressing on, and their bosoms heave,
For the morn of heavenly birth;
They are pressing on; — in the mockery
Of joy, and of hope, they long to die:
They are pressing on; — in the strength of power,
And the pride of wealth, they wait the hour.

Ye may trace them in the hall of song
By the lamp's high flickering light;
Where pipe and tabret their notes prolong,
And jewels are sparkling bright.
In the show of beauty, of mirth, and pride,
Light down the mazy dance they glide,
By the pallid cheek 'neath the smiles they wear,
And the smothered sigh, ye may trace them there.

They are decked in the ruby's ruddy glow,
And wealth of the far down sea;
And the diamond shines but to mock their woe,
And proclaim the spirit free.
But, alas, alas, for the fond hopes crushed,
For the tones of love in the dark tomb hushed,

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For affection changed, and vows forgot —
Nor gems, nor pearls, can that memory blot.

Raise ye the veil at the festal hour
From that fair unfurrowed brow; —
A bride! but woe for the bridegroom's dower, —
The grave ye may open now!
From the glittering robes of royalty
Peers the broken heart through the sunken eye;
The wreath of fame crowns a weary band,
'Mid the honored crowd the hopeless stand.

Ye may trace them at the hour of prayer,
On the lowly bended knee,
With uplifted eye and a brow of care,
The burthened soul to free.
Then open the grave; they are pressing on
In beauty and youth, but a visage wan,
In festal halls, 'neath the laurel wave,
They are weary of earth, — then open the grave.

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LOGAN.

Far down Kanhaway's billowy tide
A fearless bark rode on,
Its only treasure, all the pride
Of Logan's hut alone.
The shore was gained, and joy rose high;
That hour was murder's spell;
A shriek was heard, a deep death cry;
The Mingo's glory fell.

The bloody deed awoke to war,
The chief's proud spirit rose;
Revenge was all his guiding star,
To slaughter on he goes;
O, dark revenge! when thou dost dwell
Within the savage breast,
As well may lightnings, tempests tell
Of joy, of peace, and rest.

* * * *

His deeds of death were fully done,
His vengeance sated now;
The white man's sword pressed sorely on,
Yet Logan scorned to bow;

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To Dunmore's hall no pleadings came
From that brave injured chief,
He would not tarnish his proud name
To ask of him relief.

But yet his wrongs he deeply felt,
His heart brake forth in woe;
And Dunmore heard, — his wailings melt,
And eloquently flow.
"Where is the white man who will say
To Logan's hut he sped,
By hunger faint from toils of day,
But Logan's bounty fed?

"Or shivering from the winter's storm,
Naked and cold he came,
But Logan's kindness made him warm,
His fur, his fagot's flame?
And when the Mingo's deadly hate
Drew forth the scalping-knife,
Logan within his cabin sate,
Nor joined the bloody strife.

"For he, despite his brother's scorn,
Would to the white man bend,
The insults of his kindred born —
'*Logan's the white man's friend.*'

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And I have loved him long and well,
E'en with a father's love;
And fondly hoped with him to dwell,
And his famed kindness prove.

"Kindness! O now I feel his wrongs,
His dark and murderous deeds!
To Logan all that now belongs,
A heart that inly bleeds.
Ay, thus was Logan's love repaid,
All that his joy had fed,
By Cresap's bloody sword, are laid
In their last lowly bed.

"Then was my friendship changed to hate;
Revenge — then Logan sought;
And many a house is desolate,
By Logan's vengeance wrought.
These deadly weapons now may rest;
His soul has drunk its fill;
Yet sorrow swells within his breast,
With a deep, frantic chill.

"Peace dawns upon my country's hills;
For Mingoes I rejoice;
But yet no fear my bosom thrills,
No terror moves my voice.

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I would not turn upon my heel,
To hide the gaping grave;
There 's none who can with Logan feel;
Gone are the dear, the brave!

"Logan is now a blighted thing:
O, who will mourn him gone?
Who o'er his grave the wild dirge sing?
Alas! there 's none, — not one!"
The powerful, mighty chief sank down;
His heart's last vial poured;
And gathered on a darker frown,
As misery o'er him lowered.

Some hearts there be that love despair,
And hug their agony;
They gurgle in the poisoned air,
Exult, then sink and die.
And thus that suffering, injured chief,
A wretched one he sate;
His anguish gnawed, yet scorned relief,
Though deeply desolate.

Months hastened on, — no fagot light
The Mingo's cabin cheered;
While all around seemed touched with blight,
E'en to the vine he reared.

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The mat that for its wicket hung
  The tempest tossed aside;
And o'er it superstition flung
  A horror none might bide.

Months hastened on, — and westward far
  There roamed a savage form:
While winter drove his icy car,
  He wrestled with the storm.
Unguided by pale reason's ray,
  He walked the dreary wild;
A maniac's fancy on his way,
  Only his hours beguiled.

None ventured near or crossed his path,
  Or marked him where he strayed;
He seemed a demon filled with wrath,
  In warrior plumes arrayed.
Miami's shore had been his lair;
  There did he end his grief:
By *murder's* ruthless hand fell there
  Logan, the Mingo chief.

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TO A CONTEMPORARY POET.

Sweet bird of the soft and varied note,
O, where is thy early home?
Thou art with the eagle, where light clouds float,
And perched where the lightnings roam.

I know thee by thy plumage light,
By thy lofty waving wing;
And I know the bower where in still starlight
Thou are wont thy notes to sing.

I know thy songs with their whiling tone,
Soft touching the gentle ear;
And waking the soul of the nobler one
To the gush of virtue's tear.

Ah, thou hast drunk of the summer dew,
And dipped in the ocean foam;
And perched on the cliff and mountain blue,—
But where, O where is thy home?

I love thy lays of the soft and bold,
As in melting notes they come;
Yet nought of the songster has e'er been told,—
Then where, say, where is thy home?

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THE HERO.

How went he forth, that mighty mansion's lord,
With helmet glittering, and with buckled sword?
His strong arm nerved, bound with the brazen shield,
All girt and garnished for the tented field?
Tossing upon his steed with stately bound,
While gathering hosts sent forth the martial sound,
With glory's dream to blunt the sting of death,
Or to return entwined with victory's wreath?
How went he forth? amid the honored throng,
Receiving adulation loud and long?
The laurel fresh and green upon his brow,
Beside him the bent knee, the homaged bow,
While multitudes to touch his garments pressed,
As he had power to bless, as to be blessed?
Went he forth firm in the broad heated glow
Of manhood's noon, and unrestrained the flow,
Of his thick locks, unblanched their lustrous dye,
Nor dimmed the brilliance of his fervid eye?
Spent not e'en yet the vigor of his youth,
His heart unladen, free his spirit's truth?
Went he forth thus, as it were all his own,
This glorious world, fashioned for him alone,
Its gorgeous things, its beauty and its love,
Its joy, its hope, solely for him to prove?

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Ah, no! helpless, upon the sable bier,
They bore him forth, with bitter sigh and tear;
No joyous acclamations met him there;
No flowering garland bound his clustering hair;
With no gay pageantry they moved along;
Most silent he, amid a silent throng!
His scanty locks, upon his brow close prest,
Silvered with creeping age; deep hushed his breast
In death's dread stillness; his dark brilliant eye
Closed but to ope in immortality;
And thus they bore him on with solemn tread,
Not to the festal hall, but to the dead!
And there they left him in that drear abode,
Alone with its still tenants and his God.

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THE MOTHER'S PROPHECY.

THE midnight arch abroad was flung,
While Luna rode in state;
A mother sate amid her young,
And pondered o'er their fate.

And as she turned her watchful eye,
Their slumbering forms to meet,
Her soul broke forth in prophecy,
In numbers wild and sweet.

And what shall be thy lot on earth,
Pledge of my youthful love?
Methought the anguish of thy birth
A glorious one should prove.

Around that dark and gloomy hour,
Peril and woe were hung;
And little dost thou know the power
Thy presence o'er us flung.

Bloom of my early youth thou hast,
And spirit of my morn:
O! be it never overcast
With woe, my eldest born.

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I would thy sunny smile might last
Through life's drear pilgrimage,
And no dark passion ever blast
The hope of hoary age.

But, ah, my son, I read for thee
A toilsome, weary lot;
And no bright place on earth shall be
To thee a "sunny spot."

And thou wilt make thy early grave
Beneath the ocean's surge;
And the wild music of its wave
Thine only funeral dirge.

But on *thy* polished brow I trace
Thy father's lofty mind;
And in the features of thy face,
His spirit mild and kind.

And as the morning zephyrs lift,
In dalliance, from thy brow,
Thy silken locks, the fairest gift
Of all, I deem art thou.

And there is something whispers me,
A mighty course is thine;
Thy name among the stars I see
In golden letters shine.

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Yet thou wilt find 't is hard to wear
The laurel wreath of fame,
And the most crushing weight to bear
Of all earth gives, — a name.

Thou, too, wilt learn that wealth and power
Are but a weary load,
And life's long day one little hour; —
I give thee up to God.

While in thy laughing eyes I see,
Thou merriest one of all,
The wanderer's cheerless destiny—
Last from thy father's hall.

Thou 'lt drink thy cup, my cherished one,
Far from thy mother's care,
And sport beneath a foreign sun,
Neglectful of her prayer.

And far and lone shall be thy grave,
Amid the desert's gloom,
Where tall, dark cypress columns wave,
And wild flowers early bloom.

But what shall be thy pilgrimage,
Child of a feeble hour?
Alas! for tears bedim the page,
My chilled, my tender flower.

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Oft have I watched, in weariness,
  Thy restless bed beside;
And waked at midnight deep, to bless
  My sickly, darling pride.

The snowy shroud, the narrow grave,
  Are all of earth for thee:
Most blest of all, the cold world's slave
  Thou 'lt early cease to be.

Most blest of all,— and yet I weep
  To give thy childhood's bloom
To death's cold, heartless, dreamless sleep,
  The still, unlanguaged tomb.

But woe for thee, my latest born;
  Sorrow will early blot
And dim the radiance of thy morn;
  For thine is "*woman's* lot."

What heart will open to thy wrong?
  What tongue thine anguish tell?
While yet, perchance, the soul of song
  May from thy fountains well.

'T is thine to love, to weep, to pray,
  To practise virtues kind;
Then, scarce remembered, pass away,
  "As the unlettered hind."

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And thus I mete thy destinies,—
The change of future years;
Thus hope and fear alternate rise,
Alternate smiles and tears.

Though cast thy lots in different lands,
Thy graves though severed wide,
Yet in that "house not made with hands"
May ye at last abide.

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ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, NEW YORK.

They fall,—the great, the good, the mighty, fall,
And lay them with the lowly of the earth;
And many a noble line, like Solyma's proud wall,
Is swept away, and lost its princely birth.
Erin, awake! awake thee from thy sleep,
Thy more than sleep,—thy bondage and thy toil!
And weep o'er Emmet dead in degradation deep;
For he was of a noble house the spoil,
As great as any that e'er graced thy soil.

Though persecution chased him from thy shores,
Yet our free country sheltered the oppressed;
And, when he fell, robbed were its choicest stores
Of a fair gem,—a star from its rich crest.
Shame to *thee*, England! blush for thy disgrace!
Go wash thee from the stain of gallant blood,
And give the memory of these sons * a place
In every noble heart; on every rood
Of thy fair land, proclaim them great and good.

* Reference is here made to Robert Emmet.

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Emmet, we 'll weep for thee, and tell thy country's wrongs;
With consecrated lips we 'll speak thy name;
And all that to departed worth belongs
We 'll give to thee, — a noble, glorious fame.
Let living greatness robed in mourning stand,
While fragrant garlands round thy tomb are shed
Rich laurels, scattered with a liberal hand,
Long speak thy worth: e'er hallowed be the shade
Where Erin's fugitive is darkly laid!

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POLISH WAR-SONG.

To battle, to battle, proud son of the Pole,
Thy war-steed is chafing, and spurns at control;
Thy swift sabre unsheath, and boldly contend,
For the soil of thy heroes, thine own rights defend.

To battle, to battle, nor shrink from thy foes,
On, on, with thy helm, e'er their proud ranks shall close;
Thy slain all around thee, urge on to the field,
By their blood on thy lintels forbear thou to yield.

By the crushed harp and lute that once garnished thy walls,
By thy lone silent hearths, thy desolate halls,
By glad voices hushed, the smile past that inspires,
Remember thy daughters, thy babes, and thy sires.

Thy buckler's thick bosses, thy sabre's bright hilt,
With honor, and glory, and freedom, are gilt:
Thy God and thine altars — faint not at the shrine;
To battle, to battle, and the victory be thine.

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POLAND'S HEROES.

The celebration of the anniversary of the Polish Revolution in Paris, Nov. 29th, 1831, where were present Chodsko, Nemoiwski, the last president of the Polish government, Lelewel, principal of the University of Warsaw, Le Mercier, the poet, Dr. Howe, of America, and La Fayette.

THE hall was decked as though an hour of festal mirth
were near,
And Poland's fallen crests displayed, and shivered helm
and spear,
With broken blades, and banners torn, emblazoned on
the wall,
Noting her heroes' wreathless brows, or more ungallant
fall.

At length there comes a solemn band, of valiant men and
few,
The remnant of a glorious host, the warlike, brave, and
true;
With helmet set, and waving plume, and girt with sword
and shield,
As when in holy cause they stood on Warsaw's wrested
field.

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Alas! they gather not as then in freedom's reddening blaze,
While o'er their armor victory spread her bright and burning rays;
The red flush from their brows has passed, and they in exile tost,
The subjects of a throne dissolved, — men of a kingdom lost!

A solemn band — no word they spake but of their battle toil,
And bright lights quenched, and silent hearths upon their native soil;
As gathering at the festive board in bitterness of soul,
Each bearing on his burthened heart proscribed and banished Pole.

A solemn band — a meeting sad — but where, O where is he
Who wrestled long in Poland's cause, her toil for liberty?
He comes — but from a prison's damp, with fetters scarcely rent,
To meet that fallen remnant there, — brothers in banishment.

And he is there, their nation's chief, who rallied to the field,
Who nerved them in the battle din, who taught the sword to wield;

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Yes, he is there, their leader still, presiding in their fall,
Of the brave glorious host he led, this residue is all!

And forth he comes, that minstrel hoar, who sweetest
lays had sung,
Alas! but with a broken lyre, its loveliest chords unstrung;
While hallowed tones are lingering still amid its shattered
keys,
Of Poland's ne'er forgotten shrines, her holiest memories!

He too is there to sympathize, that hapless few beside,
That great and kind philanthropist, our country's boast
and pride;
Whose beacon-lights are firmly set in sacredness around,
To guide those most benighted ones, e'en to yon haven's
bound.

And he whose valiant heart ne'er shrank, but as a flint
was set,
Where'er a holy cause was sought, the noble La Fayette;
A meeting sad — they 're gathered in, there to com-
memorate
Her last proud struggle — altars quenched — Poland's
degraded state!

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THE OCEAN, AS VIEWED FROM BOSTON.

Hail, hail, old Atlantic,
All hail to thy waves;
Thy dark surf is beating,
And maddening it raves;
Thy bosom bared ever,
To sun and to storm,
And lightning and tempest
Play over thy form;
While thy bright sunny islands
Lie peacefully there,
As blissful as Eden,
As calm and as fair.

Thy light foam majestic,
Floats proudly along;
Like fairy barks moving,
To lute and to song;
And afar on thy billows,
The winged sail rides,
Unheeding thy music,
Or ebb of thy tides;
Thy beauty and grandeur,
How calmly they meet!
But thy islands, thy islands,
I ne'er can forget.

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THE COURTEZAN'S LAMENT.

THE father of my child is dead!
The sound falls heavy on my ear;
That passing bell, 't is sad to me,—
It wakes my withered heart to feel
As once it did, — ere guilt had seared
It all to chastened woe and grief,
Or hardened and congealed my soul,
And made me a detested thing.
O, that I were but innocent!
Guilt burns up every starting tear.

The father of my child is dead!
I did not think this callous heart,
Closed up with crime, could feel so much
Of woe. He was not mine, nay, scorned
To look upon me as he passed me by;
But yet to him my youth, my all,
Was sacrificed, and I had hoped
He would relent, and overlook
My guilt. But years have passed away,
I was his scorn, and — he is dead!

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The father of my child is dead!
He did not love thee, boy; ay, would
Not own; but thou wast his: O, hide
Thy mother's shame, her guilt, her sin.
He *was* thy father, boy, and thou
Art now far worse than orphan left;
His gold, his glory, e'en his name,
Are all denied to thee; and thou
Art cast upon the world reproached
And scorned: — O God, forgive my sin!

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SONG.

I SMILE upon the world, love,
  Because they smile on me;
And not because I feel, love,
  The joy I feel with thee.

The world is made of smiles, love,
  They have no tears for thee;
And smiles are often heartless, love,
  Too heartless, ay, for me.

Yet smiles have language sweet, love,
  When beamed from you on me;
But tears have language powerful, love,
  More powerful far, for thee.

O, then kindly value, love,
  The tears that fall from me;
The sighs that tell the treasure, love,
  My heart has stored for thee.

The tears, the sighs, the smiles, love,
  That *feeling* draws from me,
The heart's most pure, true language, love,
  Shall ever move to thee.

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THE SEMINOLE LOVER.

Come, then, my eagle eye;
We 'll go to that land away,
Where the tiger's foot and the bulbul's wing
Through the pathless forest play,
Far from the white man's sky.

Our war-paths are o'ergrown,
And our record-trees are gone
To the white man's home for his cabin fire,
While he proudly bids us on,
On toward the setting sun.

He claims our forest prey,
And the home the "Spirit" gave,
The lone sepulchres where our fathers sleep,
And the spot left for our grave:
All, all, he takes away.

Ours is a scattered race,
No spot can we call our home;

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Like the wandering bird * of the weary wing,
We hover at night, each one,
Far from the morn-left place.

Come, then, my eagle eye;
We 'll go to that land away,
Where the tiger's foot and the bulbul's wing
Through the pathless forest play,
Far from the white man's sky.

* The Seminole is of a wild and scattered race. He swims the streams and leaps over the logs of the forest in pursuit of game, and is like the whooping-crane, that makes its nest at night far from the spot where it dashed the dew from the grass and the flower in the morning.—*Seminole Chief.*

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DESULTORY.

Snow lieth on the distant hills,
And frosts the lowlands cover;
The mildest breath of evening chills,
And round the fire we hover.

Here friendship warms and cheers within,
And memory points her finger;
Then love comes gliding noiseless in,
And long and late we linger.

We talk o'er joys of other days,
And scenes of distant pleasure,
Till songs of "*home*" become *our* lays,
And "household words" our measure.

Our mother's friends are ne'er forgot,—
Our own in childhood's season:
We dwell upon their later lot,
In the full "feast of reason."

The spirits that have left our path
Come like a dream before us;
And charm and spell our being hath,
As spread their shadows o'er us.

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Our souls enlarge; we scorn our state,
And feel an influence given,
To fix the record of our fate
Among the stars in heaven.

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THE REJECTED ONE.

FAREWELL to thee, lady, — farewell!
I will look on thy bridal to-day,
And join with the merry and gay;
Though my heart in deep sorrow may yearn,
And the smile to the tear it may turn,
Still I 'll look on it, lady — farewell!

Farewell to thee, lady, — farewell!
The white rose is wreathed in thy hair,
And bright jewels are glittering there;
There is pride on thy lip, and thine eye
Beams full with the richness of joy:
Farewell to thee, lady, — farewell!

Thou art blessed and happy — farewell!
The vow has gone forth of thy love,
And angels record it above;
But my heart — thou need'st not to know
The sorrow, the burden of woe,
That swells it for thee; — yet farewell!

Farewell to thee, lady, — farewell!
I have looked on thy beautiful brow,
And nerved me to list to thy vow;

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Have gazed as thy white hand was given
To another, as witnesseth Heaven,
And shrank not; — yet, lady, farewell!

Farewell to thee, lady, — farewell!
I could wish that pure heart were mine own,
Or thy bright eye as kindly had shone
Upon me; yet I 'll bless thee, fair one,
Though I meet no joy in my journeying on;
Yet I 'll bless thee, ay, bless thee! — farewell!

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TAKE BACK, TAKE BACK THY PROMISES.

Take back, take back thy promises;
Take back, take back thy love;
They say 't is all ideal bliss,
Fleeting as sunbeams move.

They say the choicest love of earth
Will fade when youth has gone;
As plants, when wintry tempests rise,
No longer blossom on.

They tell me, too, this tenderness
Is passion's baser child;
And every feeling, every thrill,
Flickering of fancy wild;

And that 't will quickly pass away,
And not a chord remain,
To vibrate at affection's touch,
With such sweet joy again.

Then give me back the light, warm heart
I held in youth's bright morn;
It can't endure indifference;
'T would break beneath thy scorn.

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And give me back the calm I felt,
The peace that then was mine;
'T is better than this thrilling joy,
If this must *e'er* decline.

And take thou, then, thy promises;
Take back, take back thy love;
I cannot treasure here a bliss,
Its falsehood e'er to prove.

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THE COTTAGE GIRL'S RETURN.

THEY have changed it all, — my childhood's home;
The hearth where I used to sit,
And the threshold where the moonbeams come,
Are trodden by other feet.

The forest is lopped by the woodman's axe;
And the greensward where I played,
With the violet and the clustering brakes,
Is turned by the plough and spade.

And they have felled the tall poplar tree,
That shadowed the parlor door:
O! sad that this spot my home should be,
When its fair things are no more.

I loved its shrubbery and its vines;
I loved its murmuring brook;
I loved its groves and its tall, tall pines;
But they wear a stranger look.

A change is o'er them since childhood's day;
There is nought familiar here,
Save the deep glen where I used to stray,
That still to my heart is dear.

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It is to me as a fairy power,
Calling up the dear ones gone;
Its rock, its stream, its bright-leaved flower;
Have language of some fond one.

They, too, are gone, — my loved sisters all,
Who sang me the infant hymn;
They have cherished ones in their own glad hall;
And the "light of home" is dim.

But, ah, there is still a deeper change
O'er my long-loved childhood's home;
For the parent forms, — they, too, look strange,
And the whitened locks have come; —

While they wait but for the silver cord
And the golden bowl to break, —
The last, last change in the household board,
That the spoil of years can make.

It is changed, 't is changed, — my early home;
It looks not familiar now;
Its bright flowers, — they wear a stranger bloom,
And its trees a stranger bough.

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LETHE'S FOUNTAIN.

DESIGNED FOR MUSIC.

O Lethe, O Lethe,
I would thou wert not
A fabulous fountain,
In fairy-built grot,
Where nought that is human
E'er knelt by thy side,
Or mortal thirst ever
Thy waters have dried,
Thy waters have dried.

For then would I search thee
Through country and clime,—
Would thread the bleak desert,
Or mountain sublime;
When found, I would seat me
Fast down by thy brink,
And out from thy gushing
Large draughts I would drink,
Large draughts, &c.

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The bright hopes I nurtured,
And joys that I quaffed,
Have fled me forever:
From thy fountain one draught!
O! would 't were not fable,—
Thy vapory wreath!
For woe 's in my bosom,
O Lethe, O Lethe,
O, &c.

I think of my childhood,
My bright, sunny youth,
My playtime, my pastime—
O! would thou wert truth!
All charmed with thy story,
My sadness I breathe,
And weep for its falsehood,
O Lethe, O Lethe,
O, &c.

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LINES,

Written by request, for Mr. Lauriat, the aeronaut, on his first ascension from Lowell, Mass. July 4, 1836.

I AM parted from you, kind friends, — farewell!
I mount where the lark and the eagle dwell, —
Where the day is cloudless, and bright its hue,
And the night far lovelier; — kind friends, adieu!

Adieu, while with science I wander on high,
And seem but a mote in the broad, blue sky;
While I roam 'mid the gorgeous stars, or chase
The comet far on to his hiding-place.

I will soar where the lightning's brilliant chain
Is so vividly wrought and rent in twain;
Where the winds are quelled till they seem a breeze
On errand of love from the joyous seas.

Reluctant I leave you on earth below,
While I through the glorious ether go,
And lave in the sun's bright, molten rays,
Or sport with the fitful auroral blaze.

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But, whenever I gaze on my devious track
With a look of regret, and turn me back,
Not a scene on the Rhine, not Khan's rich feast,
Not the orange groves of the fertile East, —

Not the clustering vines by the Switzer's door,
Shall tempt me away from liberty's shore:
With a yearning heart, to a land so blest
With freedom's proud fane, I return your guest.

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MILTIADES.

"The merits of Miltiades, so signally displayed in the battle of Marathon, were repaid by his country by the most shocking ingratitude. Accused of treason, for an unsuccessful attack on Paros, his sentence of death was commuted to a fine of fifty talents; which being unable to pay, he was cast into prison, and there died of his wounds."

Behold in Grecia's dungeon lone,
Where ne'er the moon's pale rays have shone,
And fettered to his prison wall,
That kingly form, now powerless all:
It is the great Athenian one,
The victor upon Marathon.

Where is his dazzling glory now?
The laurel wreath that decked his brow
Is withered — crushed: a cursed thing
Is now that mighty hero, king;
Not e'en a talent to redeem
His forfeit life from that dark dream!

The pallet for his couch is laid;
Not as when Persia's fleet he stayed,

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And slept as Athens' proudest son,
Her lofty, bold, commanding one;
No, — wounded, sick, and prisoned there,
He lays him down oppressed with care.

He slumbers; but not rest is his,
Tossing in feverish agonies;
Of Paros' host again he dreams,
While fair Eubœa's turret gleams,
And by the dark Ægean sea
He hears the rush of cavalry.

He starts to gird his armor on:
'T is but a dream; the host are gone;
And midnight o'er that dungeon gloom,
Makes horror deeper than the tomb!
He wakes, — but to a fallen fame,
A bitter lot of woe and shame!

The tempest shakes the massy door,
And lightnings gild that brazen tower,
'Mid quaking hills and rocking seas,
Reckless the great Miltiades,
Bound in the chains his country gave
For conquest won — degraded, slave.

His stiffened wounds, inflamed and bare,
Are festering in that noxious air;

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While anguish through his war-spent frame
Is burning with intensest flame!
The untasted morsel by him stands;
He raises not his shackled hands!

* * * *

The morning broke, but yet no light
Awoke that dreary dungeon night;
The warrior rolled his glazing eye,
And from his writhing agony
The soul, exhausted, turned away,
And sought the light of heaven's pure day!

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APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH.

"My birthplace, O, my birthplace,
The house beneath the hill."

My birthday, O, my birthday,
Thou little toy of time;
Thou comest on the spring's soft wind,
In April's lovely prime;
Thy chaplet, deep blue violets,
And fragrant mountain thyme.

Thou comest with the loveliest
And fairest things of earth;
With springing flowers and waterfalls,
And birds in gayest mirth;
And there is many a lighter love,
That wakens with thy birth.

Ah, fondly I remember,
In childhood's gladsome way,
How long I looked thy coming morn,
And marked thee glide away.
And, O, I loved thee better far,
Than summer's mildest day.

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And still I hail my birthday,
With light and bounding heart;
Oft sigh and weep its close away,
So loath with it to part;
And with the soft imaginings,
Its tender hours impart.

It brings a chastened feeling,
As numbering up my years,
And tells me of my childhood gone,
Its mirth, its hopes, its fears,
And makes me dream the future o'er,
Till joy dissolves to tears.

My birthday, O, my birthday,
The tenderest ties are thine;
E'er thy magic power the same,
As bright thy memories shine;
The only thing unchanging too,
Of all that erst was mine.

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ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

A DIRGE — a dirge — a requiem!
Come forth, ye gifted band;
Come, with your mystic armor on,
And lyres attuned in hand.

Another link has fallen —
The brightest — from our chain;
Another pleiad from our sky,
Ne'er to relight again!

A cloud is on Parnassus,
A mist o'er Tempe's vale;
And Hippocrene's waters roll,
A heavy, troubled wail!

The lyre we loved is broken, —
Britannia's ten-stringed lyre
In everlasting silence hushed,
And quenched its spirit fire.

The minstrel has departed;
'T is darkness through those halls;
As crushed that harp of sweeter tone
Than garnished "Tara's" walls.

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Yet long shall sound its echo
  Though "England's stately Homes;"
In "Forest Sanctuary" here,
  And through "Palermo's" domes.

Ay, long reverberate
  In "Lays of many a Land;"
And "Woman's Records" still repeat
  Its music soft and bland.

Our spirits e'er will hover
  Where slumber "England's Dead;"
For 'mid the silence of that spot,
  Minstrel and lyre are laid.

Let us bewail our sister
  In numbers sweet and long,
Yet requiem meet where shall we find,
  Save in *her* "Parting Song?"

Well may we mourn the gifted,
  And well our sister bard;
Yet in her own bright "Better Land,"
  There hath she her reward.

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CHARLES II. IN THE CHARACTER OF LOUIS KERNEYGUY, AND ALICE, LEE.*

In Woodstock's ancient castle hall,
A youthful monarch sate;—
A Scottish page he seemed to all,—
Exiled from throne and state.

His crown, his sceptre, and his lance,
And robe of royalty,
E'en all that could his pride enhance,
Put off,—a wanderer he.

His heavy curling locks flowed free
Over his silver lace;
And kirtle, reaching to his knee,
Disguised the Stuart race.

Yet to his need and to his care,
Though fugitive and low,
A lady ministrant was there,
The worshipped of his foe.

* See "Woodstock," by Scott.

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His heart was touched, he knelt in awe,
Licentiousness forgot:
Woman in virtue robed he saw,
Woman to bless his lot.

And when in such a garb she stands,
E'en monarchs lowly bend;
Nay, yield the heart, and pledge the hand,
Worship, protect, defend.

His hand the maiden's gently pressed,
Then bowed to ask her love;
But she, with haughtiness possessed,
Thus with his passion strove:

"A page, a fugitive, art thou,
For shelter 'neath our roof;
And think'st thou that my heart can bow
In love to thy behoof?"

"I would to Heaven," the prince replied,
"Rested on this alone
Objections to my suit; allied
I am to England's throne.

"I am not the low, wandering page
That here I personate;
A kingdom is my heritage,
My wealth a coronet.

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"Poor as I now before thee stand,
And void of all renown;
Know thou that this unjeweled hand
Can give to thee a crown."

In unbelieving scorn she stood,
His passion to deride:
"Ay, keep it, make thy treasure good,
To one of rank and pride.

"My lord, (if such thy title be,)
Though bondage, thrall were mine,
I would not give this hand to thee,
Were kingdoms, empires, thine."

"Dost spurn my love, my heart," he said,
"As 't were a worthless thing?
Believe, I am a monarch, maid,
A Stuart, *Charles your king*."

Instant she knelt before her lord,
Her lip had touched his hand;
"Bow not," he said; "rise at my word;
Thy sovereign gives command.

"Stand up; to thee is homage due,
Thou beauteous, lovely one!
I bend, and as a suppliant sue;
Repulsed, what were a throne?"

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At once, upright the maiden stood,
Obedient to her king;
In awed, but calm and silent mood,
Her spirit summoning.

The monarch clasped her to his breast,
In ecstasy of soul;
Enamored, lip to lip he prest,
As he had gained his goal.

The maid recoiled with lofty mein,
Collected, dignified:
"My king, the same to me thou 'dst been,
Low as in regal pride.

"Thy loyal subject here I stand,
Obedient to thy will
In all things else; my heart and hand
Are mine to guerdon still.

"Mine equal only can command,
These, all my worldly wealth;
I could not take my sovereign's hand,
And queen it, but by stealth.

"Nor could I, in my loyalty
To England's strife-torn crown,
Dishonoring it, encourage thee
On to a cursed renown.

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"Still more — I may be candid here —
My heart thy foe has won;
And faithless to whate'er was dear
I'd prove not, for a throne.

"He's virtuous, though thine enemy;
Pure, though thy direst foe;
And, in comparison, to me,
E'en royalty is low.

"Unswayed by all ambitious schemes
Is faithful woman's heart;
Know this, — in love, with her no dreams
Of splendor bear a part.

"Once fixed, she turns not from the star
That lighted up her youth;
Neglected, still she worships there,
Come ill, or wrong, or ruth."

The maiden blushed, bowed, and retired;
The king in silence stood;
The passions that his youth had fired,
All, all at once subdued.

"And this is woman," he exclaimed;
"Woman in purity;
Guarded by what is *virtue* named,
From all corruption free.

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"O, woman, never rend aside
This veil of loveliness;
But wear it, as thy garb of pride,
Thine own peculiar dress.

"Now do I scorn what erst was mine,
The principles of youth;
Henceforth I 'll worship at the shrine
Of honor, virtue, truth."

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ODE TO SICKNESS.

Thou desolating thing, what dost thou here?
Again art thou commissioned to my bed,
Thou wanderer stark, paling the earth with fear,
Pointing the living to the shrouded dead?

Thine is a mission dark and desolate;
Thou art, with blasted hope, ambition's wreck,
Visiting alike the couches of the great,
And his of human things the veriest speck.

Before thee, what is beauty — what is pride, —
Nay, all that 's great in man, matter and mind?
Nor aught of all may, firmly fixed, abide
Thy coming, powerful at once to bind.

Thou mak'st the proud man in his greatness lorn,
His intellectual wealth a bauble seem;
The man of gold his hoarded treasures scorn,
And as the small dust all earth's grandeur deem.

Thou dost but raise thy shriveled, palsying hand,
And beauty's rosy cheek is blanched and pale —
The eye all livid, dim, that smiled so bland —
The voice, once music, but an infant's wail.

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Yet often art thou guest for man most meet,
And frequent not unwelcome at his board;
Teaching at once how earthly treasures fleet,
And how immortal wealth within to hoard.

Thou bringest often, ere thy errand done,
Refreshing draughts from limpid streams in heaven;
And as earth's stars go out by one and one,
A glorious light through thee is frequent given.

Then would I meet thee as the form of friend,
Nor curse thee e'er, with all thy train of woe,
Since thou canst teach me heavenward to extend
My thoughts, my hopes, nor groveling fix below.

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THE WIDOW.

Away, and leave me with my dead!
That heart, once virtue's shrine,
Was pledged to me in joy's bright hour:
Away! 't is mine, 't is mine!

What! will ye force me from mine own,
And take away my dead?
I 'll follow where ye lay him down,
And pillow there my head.

I 'll watch him through the dreary night;
He is mine own, mine own:
Ye shall not bear him from my sight!
I cannot dwell alone!

The grave? and will ye place him there,
Forever from my heart?
Away! ye know not grief's despair,
Or how linked spirits part!

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THE MAIDEN TO HER LOVER, OR THE REPLY.

I 'LL take my lyre, thou fond one,
And wake its sweetest tone;
Its softest key I 'll strike for thee,
Thou dearest, kindest one.

A lightsome song I 'll sing thee, —
A lay of tender love,
As true to thee, as thine to me,
Though no such numbers move.

But many a chord I 'll waken,
To notes of joy like thine,
To bliss as light, to hope as bright,
Within this heart of mine.

Come, then, thou fond one, — listen!
I 'm all, ay, all thine own:
Thus truly blest, I 'd scorn the rest
Of Russia's diamond throne; —

Or of the spicy gardens
Where eastern pride reclines;
Or lovelier shade — an homaged maid —
Of Europe's tropic vines.

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The warmest heart I gave thee
That woman ever bore;
The fondest love, far, far above
All words, — 't is feeling's lore.

We met; — methought the virtues
Their prize-work had performed;
I stood entranced, my love enhanced,
By every look, thought, charmed.

O, how I loved to linger —
Still love — in dotage there!
As wanderers here, benighted drear,
Turn to their guiding star,

At such a shrine to worship,
I would a pilgrim bow:
My altar hearth, my all of earth,
And almost heaven, art thou.

In sickness, pain, or sorrow,
I 'll bind thee to my heart,
And cherish there, with fondest care,
As of my life a part.

My bosom for thy pillow,
And every kind caress,
I 'll joy to give, and, while I live,
Will Heaven entreat to bless.

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Thus heart-linked, truly blissful
  Shall future years roll on;
In life's decline, shall brightly shine
  The star of days long gone.

And envy shall not harm us,
  Nor faithless fortune move;
Affection's flow secures from woe;
  And thus we 'll joy and love.

Come, then, thou dear, thou fond one;
  My heart shall never rove;
Come rest thee here from care, from fear
  My first, my only love.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO A STRANGER, BY REQUEST.

LADY, thou cam'st from a stranger land,
And little of thee I know;
Yet thou art joined to the fading band
Of travelers here below.

And thou art of *woman's* form and mien,
Hast a *woman's heart* within;
And, by thine eye and thy brow, I ween
Her sorrows with thee have been.

And perchance her joy has been thy lot,—
Her hopes, till thy soul has burned,—
Her grief for the early vow forgot,
Or the reckless unreturned.

Thou may'st have mourned, in bereavement sad,
For thy lost — departed — dead,—
Those whom thy life's bright morn made glad,
Ere noon from thy pathway fled.

Thy Father is mine, and mine is thine;
We both are his equal care;
His goodness, and love, and blessings benign,
We each, as his children, share.

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We both are bound to that country far,
That mortal may ne'er behold;
Have the same true guide — fair Bethlehem's star,—
A heritage more than gold.

In sympathy, then, I give thee a hand,
And greet thee thus as we go,
And pledge a renewal in that bright land
Where pleasures perennial flow.

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THE BRIDE.

——To make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship; therefore pray.
MRS. HEMANS.

AH, why do ye deck the maiden there
With the rosy wreath in her flowing hair?
And why do ye place on her lily hand
The sparkling gem and the golden band?
Or why the thin robe so gracefully thrown
O'er the rounded bust, and the slender zone
With its vestal folds made close and sure,
By the ocean pearl and the diamond pure?
And why on her lip is the smile of pride?
Ay, dressed for the altar; — a bride — a bride.

Woe for thee, maiden; thine heart in thine hand,
A gift, in witness this joyous band,—
A priceless gift, come weal or come woe,
Thou ne'er may'st recall, — no, never — ah, no!
Alas! it were well for thy trusting heart,
That this dream of thine might never depart —
That thou from this vision might never awake,
Or its tender spell no melody break.
But change is engraven on human things,
From the heart to the toys whereto it clings:

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Thus there may come o'er thy young love's light
A withering change, on thy heart a blight,
When thou, to him who presides o'er thy lot,
May seem as the things that were and are not,—
When thy smile, thy *tear*, no longer may move,
Thy voice breathe no music, its tones no love,—
The business world between thee and thine own
Press rudely its cares, usurping the throne
Where thou in thy love sat'st regal,—a queen,
Worshipped too fondly, eclipsed by no sheen.

Yea, the spell may break, the charm fade away,
And thou wail in secret thy bridal day!
Then chasten thy heart, breathe thy vow with care;
With thy promises mingle the fervent prayer;
Let thy tenderest hopes to thy God be given,
And thy choicest worship be raised to Heaven.

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THE MOURNING RING.

I WEAR the gem, that he gave me, now,
As it were a sacred thing;
And I keep the pearl, the pledge of his vow;
But, alas! the mourning ring.

No diamond or ruby is glittering there,
Nor the purple amethyst set;
No, — nought but a lock of braided hair,
Enclosed with the solemn jet.

His early gifts, — I value them all;
Of some tender joy they tell;
But the mourning ring far more can recall;
It wakens a holy spell.

The past, *all* the past, it brings to my view, —
Its hope, its joy, and its woe;
The void within to the dead so true,
With the unstilled yearning to go.

It brings to mind the last vision of youth,
As it clung, and perished, and passed;
The vow he breathed — the heart's hallowed truth —
The smile, the kiss, yea, the last; —

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The blessings that fell from the lip of my dead,
As he went on his heavenward way;
The upward gaze — the solitude spread —
The rending of all away!

Deem it not worn, then, for empty show, —
An idle and worthless thing:
Beyond all that I treasure here below,
I value the mourning ring.

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WINTER.

I LOVE the winter, with its frost and snow,
Its bleak old mountains and its forests sere,
Its silent brooks, save where the giddy flow
Of a rude streamlet, rushing bright and clear
From some old fountain earth had strove to hide,
Peeps through the ice, to the cold, pathless sky,
Fretting a loop-hole that through storms may bide;
Then, rippling there, its gladness rushes by,
To join the ocean depths, its onward destiny.

I love the winter; for my heart has grown
At variance with the world, and I have learned
Its splendor is but mockery, and have known
Unhallowed incense on its altars burned;
The gladness of my soul, that freely flowed
In childhood, and in youth is garnered up,
In fear and sadness brightly as it glowed,
Dark shades of sorrow thrown o'er all my hope,
And narrowed to an inch its widest, broadest scope.

Thus with a broken spirit now I come,—
A spirit formed for love, and made to melt
With tenderness — stricken, and from her home
Within the heart thrust out; for I have felt

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Bereavement of mine own, the strong, full gush
Of deep affection in its ecstasy
Turned backward to its source; and, in the rush,
Its waters chill my soul, till life to me
A burden huge has seemed, of which I would be free.

O! woman to herself is mystery deep,
Bearing within a kingdom and a throne,
Yet queening not her wealth; her lot to weep;
Formed for companionship, yet ever lone:
And man is e'er the promise — scarce fulfilled —
Of joy, of bliss, of glory here below;
His heart, kind in its nature, often thrilled
With feelings high, unlike as joy to woe,
To the strong trusts and yearnings that from woman's flow.

I love the winter, and I love to hold
Communion high with nature in her might;
For to my heart hers is a language bold,
Casting o'er my sick soul a line of light,
Teaching with higher gift than man the way
O'er earth's empoisoned soil, where sighs are not,
Where tears are not, and friends no farewells say,
Nor broken vows nor sickening memories blot
The bright realities of that long day,
Nor fear her damp'ning shadow casts, to tempt our souls away.

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Nature has love, has music in her speech,
How furious soe'er she play her part;
'T is with a master's hand her varyings teach,
And with a master's hand she moves the heart.
Ah, there were those who loved her voice with me,
Companions of my way, and teachers too,
Inspirers of my song, my minstrelsy,
Their pride, their hope, its notes their joy to woo,
Though feeble, weak its numbers, and its varyings few.

But where are these, my kindred, my youth's stay?
Departed, past, ay, past to join the dead:
One in her infancy led on the way,
Fearless; I knew *her* not, so early sped
She from my pathway, all unstained by earth;
One, too, in youth and one in manhood's pride, —
Brothers who cheered and cherished me from birth;
And one, sister in love, matron she died;
Yet long their memory in my heart will sad abide:

And one with hoary head, and weary feet,
Has parted from me, full of years and toil;
Sudden, though safe, we trust, he passed to meet,
In that far better land, death's earlier spoil, —
The firstlings of his flock, — his children there;
Fresh sealed the grave o'er him, as fresh my woe;
Sad rite, scarce finished, scarce, with solemn care,
Hoping and trusting, yet my tears fast flow
For him, my father, guide, protector, here below.

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How thought he, this kind friend that last we miss,
"Long years it tries the thrilling frame to bear;"
Then dry my tears; his heritage was bliss,
And he has entered on possession there.
Still, still, rude winter, may'st thou hold thy reign;
My heart has sympathy with thy rough blasts,
Thy barrenness and desolation, yet again,
My soul in cheerful hope her vision casts,
Where nature's verdure, as her own, forever lasts.

Bright world of kindred, and familiar tones
Of glorious men, long passed from earth's array
Of seers, of prophets, and of gifted ones;
Why shrink our souls along the rugged way?
Why pall we in the path, and backward turn,
Moved oft by vain desires and longings vain,
While quenchless there thy vestal altars burn,
Nor pure affection chills nor bears a stain?
Gird up thy strength, my soul; thou 'lt meet past loves again.

Note. — The first four stanzas of this poem were adapted to and united with a story written by the author a few years since for publication.

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THE TAWNY THRUSH.

What lover of the country and of nature has not observed, during the last months of autumn, this lovely songster, whose music is sad as sweet, perched, mateless and in solitary grandeur, for hours, on the topmost bough of some leafless tree, as if mind were given it, and it was preparing itself, by silent reflection, for its annual flight?

THOU art silent now, thou beautiful bird,
Perched high on the leafless spray;
Hast thou forgotten the songs we heard,
Through the long, long summer day?

Silent and sad as a solemn hush,
O'er thy spirit lays were thrown:
Checked in their liveliest, tenderest gush,
And plaintive thou sittest alone.

The mate of thy bosom has fallen a prey,
Perchance, to the fowler's snare;
And thou dreamest of him the livelong day,
And therefore this chill gloom wear.

Or where dost thou fix thy longing gaze?
On the far off fragrant bowers
Of southern climes, where the sun's bright rays
Are kissing the orange flowers?

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Well, give us one song our hearts to cheer,
  Ere thou seek'st those sunny groves;
Come, canst thou not sing, in the autumn drear,
  The songs of thy summer loves?

Not a note will ye troll from the topmost bough
  Of the scathed and leafless oak?
Ah, mournful thou lookest around thee now,
  As if yet there were ties unbroke.

Alas, alas, in thy solitude
  A striking emblem thou art,
Of man in his weary autumn mood,—
  The drear autumn of the heart.

His lays are hushed and his music done,
  Forgotten the songs of youth;
The heartfelt joy of his summer gone,
  And the fountain dark with ruth.

And while all around is barren and sere,
  And gloomy with budless things;
While broken the ties that bound him here,
  Reluctant he spreads his wings,

For that bright, that far off sunny land,
  Where changes are never known;
Where ne'er is severed a tender band,
  Or e'er hushed a joyful tone.

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COMMEMORATIVE OF THE DEATH OF DR. GASPARD SPURZHEIM, WHO DIED IN BOSTON, 1832.

He laid him down in a foreign land,
While strangers his requiem sung;
Yet there followed his bier a mourning band,
Of the hoary and the young.

And they made a place with their honored dead
For the gifted stranger there;
And guarded his low and silent bed
With a deep fraternal care.

They wept — for sorrow they mourned and wept —
As they marked his place of rest;
But, ay, the cold pillow where he slept,
By no kindred tear was blest.

Yet a sound went forth through his native clime,
A sound of wailing and woe;
And they knew by the bells' long solemn chime,
That a mighty one was low.

While the mourning soul of a stricken one
At the minster's shrine bent there,

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And a riven heart's low quavering tone
Was heard at the hour of prayer, —

While many a lofty soul was bowed,
And many a tear was shed
For him who rests with the silent crowd,
Of the stranger's mighty dead.

The Scipio scroll, from the sculptor's hand
In enduring marble spread,
The story long shall tell through the land,
And hallow his silent bed.

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JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

"Randolph was near his end. Dr. —— was sitting by the table, and his man, John, sitting by the bed in perfect silence, when he closed his eyes, and for a few moments seemed, by his hard breathing, to be asleep. But, as the sequel proved, it was the intense working of his mind. Opening his keen eyes upon the doctor, he said, sharply, '*Remorse!*' soon afterwards, more emphatically, 'REMORSE!' presently, at the top of his strength, he cried out, 'REMORSE!' He then added, 'Let me see the word.' The doctor, not comprehending his desire, made no reply. Randolph then said to him, with great energy, 'Let me see the word. Show it me in a dictionary.' The doctor looked round, and told him there was none in the room. 'Write it, then,' said R. The doctor, perceiving one of R.'s engraved cards laying on the table, asked if he should write it on that. 'Nothing more proper,' was the reply. The doctor then wrote the word in pencil, under the printed name, and handed it to Randolph. He seized it, and, holding it up to his eyes with great earnestness, seemed much agitated. After a few seconds, he handed back the card, saying, 'Write it on the other side.' The doctor did so, in large letters. He took it again, and, after gazing earnestly upon it for a few seconds, returned it, and said, 'Lend John your pencil, and let him put a stroke under it.' The black man took the pencil and did so, leaving it on the table."

THE gloomy shadows of the tomb
Over that proud one spread;
And by the pulseless limb he felt
A hastening to the dead.

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He saw his cherished dreams depart,
His matchless powers decay;
And e'en his lofty titled hopes
Fade in that mist away.

He groaned, as inwardly he felt
The solitude of death;
Yet pierced his soul a keener pang, —
A sword not earth could sheath.

He called upon his glory then,
And on his mighty name;
And summoned up his dignities,
His proud ancestral fame.

Ay, and they failed him — failed to quench
The burning fire within;
Not gold or glory, wealth or fame,
Can e'er absolve from sin.

He stretched his vision onward, far
Beyond the cheerless tomb;
His spirit shrank, — for Bethlehem's star
Illumined not the gloom.

In anguish, gathering up his strength,
"*Remorse!* REMORSE!" he cried;
"REMORSE! engrave it with my name,
As to my fame allied."

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And then that mighty mind retired;
The spirit onward went;
Leaving his epitaph, REMORSE,
REMORSE, his monument.

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MOUNT AUBURN, IN 1832.

Thou spot with consecrated tree,
And sacred floweret spread;
I hail thee now, as thou wilt be,
Great city of the dead.

Thine sure will be a prouder boast,
Than Rome's when fair she stood;
Far mightier than was Cæsar's host
Thy silent multitude.

O, what a throng of mingled men
Will crowd thy fair abode;
And none come forth to stand again
Where living feet have trod!

The honored one, the laureled head,
Weary of earth's renown,
'Neath thy green boughs, sad heralded,
Will joyful lay him down.

They who had dreamed of wealth and sway,
Toiling with hoary head,
Their garments here will cast away,
And worship with thy dead.

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The poet here will hang his lyre,
  The hero cast his wreath;
And they who burned with proud desire,
  Rest thy cool shade beneath.

Beauty, in all the glow of pride,
  And mourned with many a tear,
Will lay her glittering gems aside,
  And come and slumber here.

Ah, well may fragrant herbs perfume
  The poet's lowly bed;
And shrubs, and flowers, perennial bloom,
  Above the youthful head.

And well may groves their foliage spread
  Where generations rest,
And flourish round the silent dead,
  For they alone are blest.

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SPRING.

WELL, thou art here in thy gladness, then,
With thy bright things gathered for dale and glen;
With thy loaded brow, and thy smile and song,
And thy lowing herds, and thy feathered throng.

The fountains have burst from their icy keep,
And from rock and crag in their gladness leap;
The violet has opened its deep blue eye,
And the lotus smiles to the answering sky.

There is joy abroad, on the earth, in the air,
Hill, forest, and vale, rich odors bear;
There is beauty beaming from moor and fen,
And the streamlet sparkles along the glen.

Yet thou bring'st not, in thy gay career,
All that erst to my heart was dear;
There are silent hearths, where my childhood knelt,
And toneless harps, where the loved ones dwelt.

Where the song pealed forth, there are notes of woe;
Where the loud laugh rang, there is wailing low;
My soul is sad for the fond ones gone:
Away, away, in thy bright course, on!

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CALL OF THE FLOWERS.

COME, come ye to our blossoming,
To our holy festival;
We have felt the dew and the rain of spring,
And we are ready for the opening:
Come, men and maidens, come, all.

We have blossoms of every hue and name;
Fresh buds for opening youth,
Garlands for honor, and wreaths for fame,
And fadeless flowers for the purest flame
Of the heart's enduring truth;—

Flowers for the mourner, flowers for the bride,
Or to garnish the halls of death;
Or to strew the bier of those who died
In youth, in age, or in manhood's pride;—
For each, and for all, a wreath.

Maiden, come thou, with thy sunny glance,
And cull a wreath for thine hair;
'T will serve thy cheek's bright hue to enhance,
As thou glidest on in the merry dance;
But the *last* thou e'er must wear.

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And come *thou* in thy young love's light,
A gay *bridal* wreath to twine;
Take roses and myrtle, the fresh and bright,
But mingle the jasmine, for early blight
Is gathering on all that 's thine.

Childhood, come thou in thy merriest hour,
Select from the woodland and heath;
Take the bluebell and daisy, and May lily flower,
The loveliest, the fairest, in nature's wild bower,
And pure as thine own its breath.

And age, come thou, with thy silvered head,
Upon this our festal day;
Behold us again in the white and red,
The same rich tints we so gayly spread
In thy childhood's gladsome way.

We call, but, alas, we call in vain;
None notice this solemn truth;
We blossom, we blossom, but never again,
For that man in his threescore years and ten,
Or that bride, that maiden, or youth!

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THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

Mother, what seest thou in thy son?
The germens of a mighty one?
Bright shadows of a princely lot?
Honors that no reverse may blot?
The strugglings of a spirit free,
To reach a glorious destiny?

Dost fancy on his laughing brow
Gladness may ever sit as now?
The smile of innocence there dwell,
And that light heart no sorrow swell?
Nor hope deferred, nor withering care,
E'er leave their sickening impress there?

Believe it not; an hour may come,
Blighting youth's earliest, fairest bloom,
Quenching the gladness of his soul
In passion's dregged and fevered bowl;
Or faded hope, or withered joy,
Chasten the spirit of thy boy.

* * * *

Well were it, if thy mother's breast
Might ever be thy place of rest,

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Thou joyous one! or manhood be
Untrammeled as thine infancy,—
Its smiles as much of pleasure bring,
Its sorrow leave no deeper sting.

Ah, well indeed, if life bring not
A yearning for thine infant lot—
A wish to exchange its brightest joys
For the light things, thy nursery toys—
A longing for thy mother's kiss,
To seal again thy full heart's bliss.

April 16, 1833.

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SHELLEY.

"Shelley, who was one of the most highly gifted poets of the Satanic school, was drowned on his passage from Italy to England. Being an avowed atheist, no ray from heaven broke in upon the awful solitude of his spirit; and, in the midst of his dejected hopes, 'he died and made no sign.'"

'T was thus he passed — that mighty spirit passed,
And no bright hope came o'er him to the last;
Within his soul there glowed no sacred fire;
No "lay to Jesus" lingered on his lyre,
As vanished from its chords the master spell,
And pulseless down the hand that swept it fell.

That lyre, whose tones were heard in Alpine caves,
That rolled its numbers o'er the Tiber's waves,
That breathed its sweetness through the linden groves
Of Italy, and hymned her classic loves, —
That lyre, that powerful stirred to meaner things,
Had no key holy to the King of kings!
Alas for him whose gifted heart and hand
Can all the beautiful of earth command,
Can hold discourse with nature, converse high
With all the lovely, bright, *beneath* the sky,

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And yet *beyond* see nought! whose visual ray
Can view no light where beams eternal day,—
No far-off twinkling of that place of rest,
Where with their golden lyres attend the blest!
Ah, woe indeed! to them how much is given!
Of them how much will be required by Heaven!

We missed thee, Shelley, from our mystic band,
And mourned thee, brother, in a distant land;
Ay, mourned thee in thy sudden, midday blight,
But more we mourned thy hopeless, starless night.

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A TRIAD,—THE SPIRIT OF GLOOM, THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY, AND THE SPIRIT OF JOY.

THE SPIRIT OF GLOOM.

THE Spirit of Gloom is on the earth;
She hovereth around the desolate hearth,
Where late in his pride sate the loved, fond one,
With the heart that beat but for him alone;
But he passed away in the midnight air,
And the Spirit of Gloom abideth there;
She gathereth around the altar tree,
And there telleth the dark, dark destiny
Of departed ones, who inspired our hope,
And their last farewell there offered up.
She taketh her seat at the festive board,
And echoeth the long-forbidden word
That the absent spake when they met us there,
With the seal of bliss that light spirits wear.
She waketh at morn with the wailing wind,
And sitteth at eve with the broken mind;
She stirreth abroad in the still midday,
Where human foot was scarce known to stray;
She foldeth the leaves of the faded flower,
And heapeth them up in the ruined bower;
By the dying herb she maketh her seat,
And sporteth where blast and tempest meet;

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She holdeth her court in the naked grove,
And its shriveled leaves are her bed of love;
While the hollow winds, as they sweep along,
Breathe the dulcet tones of her bridal song;
And the cricket's note on the yellow plain,
By the scattered sheaves of the ripened grain,
At the solemn close of the still, bright day,
Are the lightest tones of her merriest lay.
When the autumn blasts in their fulness come,
When the swallow seeketh her winter home,
When the forest casteth her summer bloom,—
Then cometh in might the Spirit of Gloom.
But never on earth is her power so felt,
As when liquid drops in agony melt
On the brow of that young, forsaken bride;
When the hope of her youth is harshly denied,
And the shrine where she bowed, like a ruined pile,
Holds no emblem within to the god of her smile;
When the idol is broken, as broken her trust,
And, as soulless clay, falls crumbling to dust.
She has worshiped there, nay, as fond as true,
But the vow of his youth no pledges renew;
For the Circean cup his appetite yearns;
With the faithless he walks, to the base he turns.
If the Spirit of Gloom in a temple may dwell,
'T is there she has builded;—how firmly! how well!—
And nought the edifice e'er can destroy,
But the Saviour's hope of immortal joy.

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THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty — the Spirit of Love, —
Her pathway is marked by the God above;
The bordered earth with her presence is filled,
Through its highways and byways like dew 't is distilled.
It melts at the poles in the star-gemmed sky,
As the fitful flash streameth up on high;
She dippeth her wing in the jeweled sea,
Where tosseth the billow eternally,—
Where the petrel flaps the heaving surge,
As tempest and storm her pinions urge.
She wheeleth on high with the bittern there,
Or poiseth the wing with the sea-gull in air;
She baptizeth herself in the ocean down,
Where the wild duck sporteth her plumage brown —
Where the foam of the eddy the maritime rides,
Or the shark to his feast the whirlpool guides.
She leaps with the dolphin, and lasheth the wave
With the fin of the whale, where the mermaids lave.
With the freighted ship she meeteth the gale,
And strideth the brine with spread pennon and sail;
Or cradleth herself, with anchor deep cast,
On that vessel's hulk mid the northern blast.

She reposeth herself on the island green,
Encircled by waves where no main land is seen;
And reclineth long as the tropical blaze
Enricheth the spot, while Phœbus delays,

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By an added bud to the floweret stem,
An unfolding leaf, like a verdant gem,
As of emerald, on the o'erladen tree
Or bending shrub, where the hum of the bee
Is mingled in gladness with song of bird,
Mid its foliage dense, as melody heard.

In the rainbow arch she spanneth the sky,
And bestuddeth with stars the cerulean high;
She filleth the air in the feathery snow,
And the sparkling pendant on all below,
As diamond rods in the icicle clear,
She hangeth abroad at dawn of the year;
She sprinkleth the earth with the drops of the dew,
And scattereth the flowers of every hue,
Till upland, and moor, and forest and brake,
O'erspread with a curtain, rich spangled awake.
The green, cultured vale, with the vine half hid,
By the blade and the ear, she walketh amid,—
Where the climbing plant, with its crowded pod,
And the juicy herb, in the light winds nod,
And her mellow fruit the tree casteth down,
On the upturned soil, from its foliage brown:
She sitteth at ease and maketh her throne
In the cot fast beside;—the scene is her own.

She dotteth the hill and its moss-grown rock,
With the lowing herd and the bleating flock,

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Where the weed grows rank o'er the close-cropped grass,
And the brier casts her fruit, for the scythe may not pass.
She windeth along by the streamlet's course,
As its bubbling current grows dull and hoarse,
Till 't is lost in shade where the osier stem
And the hazel twig interlink, and enhem
Its sparkling ripples, save here and there,
Through the braided arch with its tassels fair,
The glancing trout and the eft are seen,
Sporting beneath its shadows of green,
In a crinkling round of frolic and glee,
In the shallow wave undisturbed and free.

She flitteth abroad on the breezes of spring,
In the gorgeous hues of the butterfly's wing,
Now mottled, now white, now sable, now red,
And sporteth with each o'er the violet's bed;
While, hat in hand, the sly urchin gives chase
To the gay, fickle insect, till tired in the race.
She sinks amid the rich plumes of the bird,
And slyly peeps forth where the nestling is heard;
She follows the dam of the herd or the flock,
With the sleek, timid young; to the cleft of the rock
She leaps with the cony, — the cliff beside,
She basketh with him at the full noontide;
She sporteth amid the mist of the morn,
And her lightest joy is of twilight born,
When the cloud hangs suspended far in the west,
Tinged with *argent* and gold on the occident's breast.

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The curling locks of the ruddy boy
She tosseth aside, as he leaps for joy,
And giveth them to the dallying wind,
While they float, in his sport, like streamers behind;
And his youthful brow as the morn is flushed,
When the first red ray from the sun has gushed.
She setteth her seal on the maiden's cheek,
And her finger's print her dimples bespeak;
She unbindeth the locks that her brow bedeck,
And careless they flow o'er the pearly neck;
Unconfined and free is each massy tress,
In nature's own perfect loveliness;
She wrappeth her form in the silken robe,
And it loosely floats, while the heaving lobe
Within assumes space the Maker gave,
As the drapery falls like a folding wave,
And barbarity mars not the model fair,
Or artifice vain builds deformity there;
Where the Spirit of Beauty her guardian stands,
It is *free*, as it came from the Father's hands;
His own pure image to mind allied,
As the infant her spirit personified.

Thou Spirit of Beauty! O, where art thou not?
Without thy pure presence I know not the spot.
Thy presence, — I view it on every side;
Thy fulness o'erspreads the universe wide,
From the proudest thing to the meanest down,
And the last creation of God, thy crown.

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Wherever his finger hath silently wrought,
Or his word created, with thee it is fraught;
Wherever his mind hath conceived a design,
Thy spirit is on it, the seal and the sign.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY.

The Spirit of Joy! and where dwelleth she?
Where on the earth may her sanctuary be?
She stretcheth her form — not on luxury's bed,
Nor aye where the curtain of splendor is spread,
With its broidery of pearls, inwrought with gold,
Nor in palaces maketh her mountain hold;
She sitteth on high — not on thrones of kings,
And sporteth not with terrestrial things;
She weareth — no, not a monarch's crown;
Her sceptre, nor king, nor priest casteth down;
She flitteth no more 'neath the lovely sky
That o'erarcheth the Alps of Italy,
Than far where the arctic measures the air,
And the Laplander sports in the fur of the bear.

She bindeth not *ever* the brow of the bride,
Or nestleth the winged god beside,
Or ever layeth the sacred thing
On the altar of his o'ershadowing;
The sacrifice burns, yet not free the while
Is the gift, so Joy sprinkleth not the pile.
The garland she bears, her favored to wreathe,
Fame braideth not; the blast of her breath

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Declareth not where, as the wind she bestrides,
The uncumbered Spirit of Joy abides.
She scattereth her gifts — not titles of earth,
For her spirit is of celestial birth;
Her home is with the unshackled and free,
And her gifts are hearts light as infancy.
In youth, in manhood, in age, she hath power,
But her loveliest spell is o'er childhood's hour;
She guideth the child through the long, fresh grass,
For the blossom or fruit fearing nought, alas!
Of the thousand ills that beset the way,
And crowd and thicken in manhood's day.
His hillocks of sand her fingers gild;
His snow-wrought palaces teacheth to build;
The arrow she speeds from the bended bow,
And waits on the flowery turf below,
In his crouching form, for its swift return,
Or hurries the place of its fall to learn.
She lighteth his eye as no pencil may mark,
When he waketh at morn at the song of the lark;
She leadeth him out in the dew or the rain,
And leapeth with him o'er the shocks of grain;
The woe that would mar she hath e'er beguiled,
And for aye walks hand in hand with the child.

She tingeth the cheek of that fond young bride
With the crimson blush, her lover beside;
While her heart is warm with love's tenderest thrill,
As its purest dreams her spirit fill.

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She walketh beside the virtuous wife,—
Her husband's joy, the pride of his life,
As maturity sits on her fair, meek brow,
And in fondness fulfilled her bridal vow;
While her children round as olive plants stand,
The beautiful gifts of God's own hand,—
The offerings she brings to the altar of Love—
The blessings that ever his godship prove.

She leaneth down on the old man's staff,
As feebly he breaketh the creaking laugh,
While he stands mid a group of happiest ones,
In the sport or the dance,—his son's son's sons.
She guideth him on o'er "memory's land,"
And toucheth the scene with her heavenly wand,
When at once upsprings what was long obscured
In the dim and shadowy distant: lured
By her call, stands his childhood's home,
And they, his companions, all hither come;
The greensward bends to their boyhood's tread,
And the sloping lawn for their sport is spread.
She lighteth his face with a seraph smile,
As memory's dreams still his moments beguile,
Of good deeds engraved on his country's page,
In lines whose bright halo fades not by age:
The low raised high; the oppressed unbound;
The oil applied to the poor man's wound;
The starving one fed; the friendless cheered
By the high beacon-light his benefice reared;

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The unlettered taught by the use of his gold;
His harvest gleaned for his neighbor's fold:
And thus she fresh'neth the wreath on his brow,
With her spirit within, he can meekly bow
To the hoary head in the shades of Eld,
His noble deeds her guaranty held.
She standeth beside his dying bed,
And cheereth him with the promise spread;
She gently unbindeth the bands of earth,
And his spirit soars to a heavenly birth.

She leadeth the good to the corners of earth,
When he heapeth with kindness the sufferer's hearth,
Or spreadeth with plenty the orphan's board,
While blessings and tears are gratefully poured;
As he bindeth the wounds of the mourner's heart,
Or biddeth the destitute full to depart.
She openeth the doors of the prison wide,
With laughter and leaping on every side;
She rendeth the chains that bind the oppressed,
And whispereth FREE, to the joy of his breast:
She sitteth firm amid tottering thrones,
And riseth on high in the martyr's groans.

Each kindly deed of benevolence wrought
Or philanthropy done, with Joy's Spirit is fraught:
A Sharpe, a Howard, a Wilberforce's breath,
Could prove it on earth, or demonstrate in death.

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And none needeth e'er an inheritance here
Of broad-spreading lands, his title to clear,—
Estates baronial, or dukedoms wide,
With towers high stretching in glory and pride;
For he who hath, as his forehead's seal,
The stamp of his God, the spirit of weal
May possess on earth, though his lot may be
The cup and the bread of charity.

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THE HUNTER OF THE WEST.

He threw him down on his cabin floor,
O'ercome with the long day's chase;
While his hounds crouched low by the unhinged door,
Beseeming their restless race.
Then he fixed his eye on the pine wood blaze,
And heavily drew his breath;
For he felt that short were the hunter's days,
And dreary the shades of death.

His thoughts went back to the merry throng,
That were linked in boyhood's band;
To the social hearth, to the feast and song,
In his own bright native land.
And he wished him there from the chase to rest,
Beside its fresh mantling streams;
For his heart was sick, and yearned in his breast,
For the home of his early dreams.

Old age with its furrowed brow had come,
And he felt its weariness;
No smile lighted up his forest-home,
And no soft tones there to bless.

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The big tears rolled from the hunter's eye,
As he thought of his labor done;
Of the lone, lone spot where his bones must lie,
Unsheltered from rain and sun!

His heart beat quick, while a strange cold chill
Crept over his withered frame;
And he drew his blanket yet closer still,
And turned to the fagot's flame;
Its shadows danced light on the humid wall,
And played in his silver hair,
Yet it warmed him not, for a freezing thrall,
The damp cold of death, was there.

But a low groan passed from their master's bed,
As his hounds crept near his breast;
And he gathered his limbs, and composed his head,
As if for a long night's rest!

* * * *

The morning broke, and the burning sun
Gleamed bright o'er that forest wold;
But the fire burned low on the unhewn stone,
And the hunter's hearth was cold.

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THE BROTHERS.

"At the siege of Bommel, in 1599, two Spaniards, brothers, who, having been separated in early life, had never seen each other since that time, suddenly met in the field of battle. Having recognized each other, they ran and fell on each other's neck, and, while in this close embrace, their heads were at once carried off by a cannon-shot, their bodies falling to the ground together."

Death! death! how couldst thou there,
In that spell-like hour make place;
Mingling with aught so fair,
As love's full fond embrace;
Thy task with weary ones should be,
To hush the abode of misery.

Their dreams were not of thee;
On the battle-field they met;
The stern heart, and the free,
Crested and banner set;
With quivering steel, and glittering spear,
And blood-red plumes high waving there.

No, not of thee they dreamed,
Those brothers, Spain's early lost;
In halls where bright eyes gleamed,
Far from the serried host,
Their hearts were fixed; the magic word,
Freedom, their bosoms only stirred.

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But now upon their path
A thrill and a yearning came;
Spirit in spirit hath
Kindled a glowing flame,
Quenched with the light of childhood's beam,
A spell, broke with their cradle dream!

The shield and helmet fell
From those mail-clad men of might;
Their plated bosoms swell,
And shrink from battle fight;
Spain, Spain, thy sons of daring brow
Are feeble as thine infants now.

The lance aside was thrown,
As their childhood's dream came back,
With voice of tender tone,
On startled memory's track,—
Their vintage sports, the olive shade,
And mingled prayer at evening said.

They rushed, those warriors there,
And met in one long embrace;
Death, death, with aught so fair,
How couldst thou find a place!
Kindly ye slumber, men of Spain,
In love's fond clasp, ye noble slain!

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REGRET.

O, BEAR me back to the mountain's shade,
To the breath of my native streams,
Where flowers, in their summer tints arrayed,
Proudly wave in the sun's glad beams.

There are groves and glens, high rock, and dell,
The haunts where my childhood roved;
And they are hung with dream, with charm, and spell,
And fond token of friends beloved.

There the vintage clusters richly bend,
And the locust scents the air;
And the lordly elm and the maple blend
Their refreshing shade; — O, bear me there!

I am sick of the city's pomp and show;
I pine for the fresh green earth;
For the sparkling stream in its gentle flow,
And the trees that shadowed my birth.

I cannot join in the stranger's mirth;
My spirit has homeward gone;
There are tones familiar in hall, by hearth,
And my dead are there; — O, bear me on!

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I cannot die on a foreign shore,
And rest in the stranger's grave;
On my native hills let me gaze once more,
And lay me where their forests wave.

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THE SAME.*

"My heart is in my childhood's home."

My heart is far among mine own,
Amid the sunlit dells;
The violet walks, and scenes long gone,
Of childhood's happy spells.

My wayward fancy wanders there,
In every silent hour;
And lingers round those scenes so fair,
Her own familiar bower.

I'm filled with hallowed memories,
That haunt me all around;
And girt about with early ties,
That will not be unbound.

* These two poems were written at periods quite distant from each other, and under circumstances altogether dissimilar. Yet they were prompted by feelings so nearly allied, that the author, feeling a maternal tenderness for some portions of each, and unwilling to expunge either, concluded it best to place them in connection.

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Though many a year has passed away,
Since on the sward I played,
And flowers oft opened to the day,
And faded where I strayed;—

Though time upon my brow has signed
His record lines, and fled;
And with my massy tresses twined
Full many a silvery thread;—

Yet still amid my early loves,
I stand with sense unchilled;
And in my dreams my spirit moves,
And thrills as erst it thrilled.

I pass along the busy mart,
And hear no kindred tone;
Or feel the influence of a heart
Congenial with my own.

And thus in wasting solitude,
Mid stranger smiles I pine;
My soul's best gifts in freshness strewed,
Around a broken shrine.

My heart is far among mine own,
Amid the sunlit dells;
The violet walks, and scenes long gone,
Of childhood's happy spells.

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DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

Fresh from the hand of art thou com'st to me,
Unstained, unmarred, in virgin purity;
Gilded and tinted with the richest hues
That nature o'er her fairest treasure strews:
Genius and Taste on thee have set their seal,
And thou art consecrate to human weal;
From every other volume set apart,
And thus we dedicate thee to the heart.

Henceforth, thou book, a hallowed trust is thine;
Thou dost possess a power almost divine;
Whate'er thou seem, howe'er despised thy name,
Thou art an altar, where to build a flame,
Pure and forever quenchless, sacred e'er
To memory's tenderest smile, and holy tear;
The veriest line upon thy gilded page
A magic lamp shall be to light to age;
A talisman, perhaps, that may recall
The loves of youth, its joys, its visions, all,
When its dim shadows each are backward cast,
And its fond circled friends joined to the past.
Ay, every name possess a potent spell,
And many a history in the future tell;

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In what thou yet must be, not what thou art,
Consists thy value to the owner's heart:
Then go thou forth, and let thy motto be,
On every treasure leaf, sincerity.

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ANOTHER, ADAPTED TO THE FRONTISPIECE.

"The Flowers."

Bring flowers, bright flowers, for the maiden fair,
And scatter them here with the choicest care,—
The purest sweets of every land,
Of every age, with a careful hand;
Let flowers of heart, and blossoms of mind,
In all their beauty be here combined.

Friendship, come thou in thy purest dress,
And offer, in all thy loveliess,
A garland gay at the shrine of truth,
T' enliven the vivid fancy of youth;
And shadow onward thy magic spell,
And of "long ago" in the future tell;
For in youth thou art the light of the eye,
And in age that light canst revivify:
Come, then, talk not of thy pleasures brief,
But set thy seal on the gilded leaf.

Come, thou meek-eyed simplicity,
Unmarred by the world's vain sophistry;
Come, cast a flower on the virgin page,
Let its odor perfume the path to age;

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Come, piety pure; come, holy truth;
Come, valor; come, honor, in vigor of youth;
Bring each, and bring all, a fragrant flower,
To wreath for the maiden a hallowed bower,
From the turmoil of earth a calm retreat,
And ever for memory a sacred seat.

But, flatt'ry, dare not with thy blandishment
To pollute these leaves, as a treasure meant,—
The choicest, the purest talisman,
The visions of earth to waken again,
When youth shall be in the distant cast,
And the friends it circled gone with the past.

Bring thy offerings, then, and cast them here,
A silent hour of the future to cheer;
In their freshness, all, as for virtue meet,
For beauty and youth in their bloom entreat.

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THE COUNTRY SEAT.

I KNEW a country seat,
The fairest site around,
Where creeping honeysuckle sweet
And myrtle did abound;
And many a fragrant forest flower
Sprang up amid that lovely bower.

Hill, dale, and glen combined,
To blend their loveliness;
While tree and shrub, of every kind,
Were grouped that spot to bless;
And a tall forest near the scene,
Its foliage spread, of varied green.

Down from its branches high,
Long wreaths of ivy hung;
As 't were a drapery from the sky,
Some angel hand had flung;
While wood-nymphs tried their art to twine
In rich festoons the pendant vine.

And near a murmuring brook,
In gentle ripples lay;
The aspen round its borders shook,
And mint grew there alway;

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In golden groups its course to bound,
The seedy primrose bloomed around.

Starwort and violet grew
Fast by that broad stream's edge;
The mottled frog, in evening dew,
Lurked in its tall, moist sedge;
And its still, sparkling fountain's dress
Was lotus-leaf, and water-cress.

A youthful maiden meek
Dwelt there in time gone by;
The rose and lily tinged her cheek,
While soul lit up her eye;
So fair, so lovely, she did seem
A gentle naiad of the stream.

I've dwelt in country since,
And in the busy town;
Have gazed upon both peer and prince,
To the meek peasant down;
Have closely grasped what men esteem,
And waked as from a troubled dream.

Yet that old country seat,
Full oft I've longed to see;
And that bright naiad once to greet,
Beneath its ozier tree;
For ne'er a spot I've viewed so fair,
And ne'er a maid so free from care.

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THE WRECK OF THE "PULASKI."

A WAIL is on the sea,
And swells along the surge;
Hoarse measures meet in agony,—
A melancholy dirge.

Manhood's strong voice is there,
And woman's feebler tone;
Childhood and blessed infancy
Join in the hollow moan.

On the deep midnight borne,
No voice returns the beck;
No aid, no succor is there — none,—
Mid ocean's might, a wreck!

What! will the heaving waves,
Nor birth, nor beauty spare!
Titles and honors buy them not;
Gold hath no bribery there.

Bright youth, and honored age,
The widow and the bride,
And they of noblest heritage,
The same dark fate betide.

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It boots not whither bound,
Or what their errand be;
The bridal or the laurel wreath
Heeds not the raging sea.

The mother clasps her boy,
In agonizing throe;
While they, the father's pride and joy,
Thus sink to depths below!

The nursling from its dreams
Wakes but to sleep again,—
The long, the quiet, dreamless sleep,
Unmixed with tears or pain.

But, hark! a hallowed tone
Ascends the midnight breeze;
And firmer accents, borne by faith,
Break o'er the boding seas.

The husband, wife, and child,*
In one fond clasp are bound;
Commitment thus to God they make,
Then close the waves around.

* When the crisis came, the Rev. Mr. ——, who, with his wife and child, were on board, was seen to clasp the former, enclosing the child between them, uniting thus in the act of audible prayer; and, while thus engaged, they sank in the waves together.

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E'en there a peaceful death:
And better thus depart,
Than live on earth in orphanage,
Or widowhood of heart.

Mid ocean caves they rest,
Where sea-gems sparkle bright;
The love of earth and love of heaven,
Their only burial rite.

How many were the hopes
Thus yielded to the sea!
How many a hall and cottage light
Quenched in deep agony!

But he who rules the waves,
"And rides upon the wind,"
Who works mysteriously his will,
The stricken heart can bind.

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MUSINGS.

Where will ye write my name?
With those hallowed in ancient story,—
Giving the meed to fame,
To twine with a wreath of glory?

Or place it with the proud
Or the gifted of the land,
Where, as a gorgeous cloud,
In their glory full they stand?

Ay; I would have it not
With the lordly ones of earth;
Nor should it fill a spot
Where the heartless have their birth.

But write it in the wood,
By fount, and by mountain stream,
And where the forest stood,
That bounded my childhood's dream.

Write it by bower and tree;
Nor e'en let it perish there;
But cherished in harmony
With all of the earth that 's fair;—

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In every haunted place,
And in every grove and dell,
In every charmed space,
Where the spirit of song may dwell; —

Where'er a woodland flower
Has folded its withered leaves,
Or where the reaper's power
Has passed o'er the gathered sheaves.

For such were haunts I loved;
They oft wrapt my youthful lyre,
And thrilled me, where I roved,
With a poet's sacred fire.

And write it once again,
On the inmost heart of one,
As with an iron pen,
Or the rays of the noonday sun.

I ask but on *that heart*
An enduring name to bear;
Sacred, as 't were a part
Of the spirit that dwelleth there.

The sons my youth has borne,
Whom I watch in childhood now,
May, in their manhood's morn,
At another's memory bow.

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Their mother's face may pass
From the mirror of their heart;
Her soothing voice, alas!
As an olden song depart.

My name may be a word
On the heart ne'er treasured long;
Its murmur never heard
By the gay and joyous throng;—

And thus, thus let it be;
I would not *their* memory share;
Their thoughts within are free;
I ask not an impress there.

But let not *him* forget,
Most loved and cherished of all,
When leaves the night dews wet,
Or at morning's merry call.

For what 's the wreath of fame,
Compared with the garland of love?
Or what a deathless name,
When the worshiped heart can rove?

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ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR.

Come, lay down thy burthen, welcome year,
And unfold to us now thine errand here.
What hast thou brought? be they griefs or joys
In thy wallet there, for our new year's toys?
Come, put us at ease, and let each one know
Whether smooth or turbid thy streams may flow.
What hast thou brought for the youth — the boy?
Pleasures and hopes that may never cloy?
Visions that manhood may realize,
And onward tending beyond the skies?
What, too, for caroling infancy?
What for the child in his reckless glee?
What, ah, what for the maiden so fair?
A bridal wreath for her glossy hair?
What for the man like the bay-tree spread?
And what for him with the silvered head?
What for the statesman? a wreath of fame?
Or glory's wreck, and his manhood's shame?
What for the hero? a victor's crown?
Or a trampled crest, with a base renown?
What heart wilt widow? whom childless write?
In orphanage, dim whose morning light?
For whom hast thou brought the yellow gold?
For whom the friendship that ne'er was sold?

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Whom wilt thou raise to the mighty place?
Whom sink in misfortune and deep disgrace?
What promise wilt seal? what vow wilt break?
What tie unloose, and the fond one take,
On thy restless wing, to that bourn afar,
And quench mid glory his crescent and star?
To whom of us all wilt the message bear,
"This year thou shalt die!" prepare! prepare!

Nay; to me, *to me*, what guerdon hast brought?
A cup with weal or with woe full fraught?
Fruition of hope, or the tempest's strife?
Or the deep, dank grave in my noon of life?

What! silent and dark? thou wilt not reveal?
Aha! we know on thy lip is a seal,
Which, while we entreat, we would not thou 'dst break,
Or for hope or fear the certainty take;
But we each in turn thy blessing implore,
In smiles or tears, ere thy visit be o'er:
As thou art commissioned, deal to us our lot;
But without hope in heaven, O leave us not.

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MERRIMAC RIVER, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE CONCORD WITH ITS WATERS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. CALEB CUSHING, BY WHOSE REQUEST IT WAS WRITTEN.

Majestic art thou in thy stately flow,
Thou mighty river, while thy depths below
Unnumbered secrets hold, we may not scan;
Attempt were vain; thy lore is not for man;
The written page to him alone is given;
Thine are the legends but revealed in heaven.
The notes of ages past thy waves have kept,
And unlocked destinies, perchance, been wept
Beside thy waters in their trouble swells,
By many a race, of which no history tells.

Along thy banks what scenes of beauty rise,
Fair e'en as those beneath Idalia's skies!
Thy hilltops verdant with the summer gifts,
While in thy deep ravines the wild flower lifts
Its meek eye up to heaven, or bends its head,
In dalliance with the winds that gently spread
Its petals o'er thy bosom; — drapery fair,
As sweet for thy transcendant form to wear.
Around thy rugged cliffs green ivy twines,
Wild clematis with more luxuriant vines,

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And wandering, here their tendrils interlink,
And lave their reaching foliage in thy brink.

Oft as I rove along thy flowery bank,
Through tangled mint, and sedge, and wild weeds rank,
I do bethink me of that forest race
Who mid thy haunts had their rude dwelling-place;
Whose infant warriors, in their bark canoe,
Were reared upon thy waves; who darted through
Thy cataract's foam, or on its billows rocked
Fearless, and solitudes of deserts mocked.
They worshiped here, and from thy forest caves
Went up their humble prayers to him who saves.*
What though 'neath ruder temple fanes they knelt,
Than these where now we bend; yet with them dwelt
The ark of God, the same pure faith and love
That raises us the wearying world above,
The lonely red man in his cabin cheered,
And made each fastness holy to the God he feared.

But they have vanished from their dwelling-place;
Nay, e'en their shadows past, — extinct their race;

* The tribe of Indians inhabiting this section of the State, occupying a part of the ground on which Lowell now stands, and, according to Gookin, known as the Patuckett or Wamesit tribe, were early reckoned among the praying Indians of Massachusetts; and their rude temple was situated on the rising ground at the upper end of what is now known as Appleton street.

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And we have built upon the wrested soil,
A city consecrate to arts and toil.
Her noisy loom the busy maiden plies,
Mingling her threads of fancy's varied dies,
For feeble comfort rising from her bed,
Or luxury to please in careless tread,
On the same spot where once the Indian maid
Wove the gay beaded belt, or wampum braid,
To bind the hunter in the winter's storm,
Or, glittering deck the warrior's nobler form,
Well pleased to think her lover would approve
The gift of fondness and untutored love.
Quenched are their council fires; these ancient oaks,
Resisting yet the woodman's sturdy strokes,
Their "record trees"* have been, perchance; but where,
Now of that long lost race, the registry they bare?

Trace we their "war-paths" down the paved mart,
Or hold their memory sacred in the heart!
Proudly amid their sepulchres we stand,
And fearless turn the sward, that forest band
Above; while many a rude wrought arrow's head,
That flew with deadly aim, or careless sped
From his full quiver, while his bended bow
The warrior grasped — arms for his direst foe —

* It was the custom with many of the tribes to register the most remarkable feats and events among them in hieroglyphics upon the trunks of trees; and these were called "record trees."

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The ploughboy careless treads beneath the soil,
Or carious lays beside his treasured spoil,
Of bladeless pocket-knives, and pebbles rare,
And broken horsemen's spurs, no longer pair,
With popgun made of elder, seasoned nice,—
Barter like these, alas, their current price.
Save such mementoes sad, nought now remains,
To tell the cabin smoke once curled these plains
Above, of a lost people, for whose fate
None weep, none mourn, no heart is desolate;
Who held a freedom we may never share,
With all our boast of name and nation rare;
And with that freedom who were richer far
Than we, while worshiping her brightest star.

The feeble remnant of a distant tribe
Do wander hither oft, their names t' inscribe
Upon thy rocks; unsympathized they stand,
Gazing upon thy foam, a listless stranger band,
As dreaming sad of a departed race,
And dear to them the melancholy trace.
Or but as guardian spirits, left their homes
To watch that sacrilege did not their tombs
Profane; and mournful thus to mark their tread,
As desolate they walk above their dead,
Beneath the dogstar's heat in summer's wane,
Few sultry days, then silent turn again
Back to their forest homes; no written page

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They give; but childhood, youth, and age,
Alike one tribute yield, — a weary pilgrimage.

No name heroic, of their sons, alas,
Give we to sculpture or recording brass;
Up to their deeds no monument we raise:
The poet only, in his humble lays,
Bears them but scarce above oblivion's deep,
While calm as ours may be their dreamless sleep,
And "a white stone with a new name" be given
To them above, enduring as the throne of heaven.

Yet, as I wander, I do feel me sad,
That here a nation dwelt in joy as glad,
In hope as proud, stricken in misery,
Who life's choice sympathies kindly as we,
Did feel; who wept at death, rejoiced at birth,
And have not now a vestige name on earth!
Ah, so with us, perhaps, while thou wilt still,
Leaping along, thy destiny fulfil;
Thy meads as verdant, and thy hills as fair,
As when we held them 'neath our daily care,
Broad roaring river, and thy hollow tone,
Still beat the rocks, though hushed in death our own!
So pass we all, the red man and the white,
And sink alike in death's eternal night; —
But we shall rise — bright hope — ay, one and all,
At the same sound, — the Saviour's trumpet call.

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"MILFORD BARD."

Men call me drunkard; but thou knowest, O God, who has made me such. HIS PRISON PRAYER.

WHO made thee such? Amid thy proud career,
Why soil thy glorious pinions with the dust?
Why dip thy wing in surf, when fountains clear
Invited thee to lave and wash from lust?
Why swoop to gorge the carrion? why thy lip
With filthy waters stain, that brutes refuse,
When from thy eyry high thou mightest sip
The nectar of the gods, wouldst not abuse;—

Might feed on cates, yea, heaven's own richest food,
Close linked with spirits, e'en at angels' board?
What nobler gift couldst ask, what greater good,
Than this,—than thine, within thy heart to hoard?
Why cast thy spirit lyre, with seraph tone,
And living music, which on earth belongs
To gifted ones of God, to bard alone
For descant low and bacchanalian songs?

When thou the universe couldst overspan,
With poet thought and wing, and soar at will
Amid its cloud-folds, its blue ether scan,
And with all loveliness thy bosom fill,—

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Strange, a poor, wandering minstrel's harp thine ear
Should charm with its sad, melancholy sound,
And shattered wires, so thou shouldst list to hear,
Till mouraful thou his comrade e'en art found!

Was there an eye whose sparkle met not thine, —
A honeyed lip thou wast forbid to press, —
A smile bewildering — light of holy shrine —
Which thy dim pathway here did scorn to bless?
Though thou didst worship there, and midnight still
Thy supplication heard, thy stricken vow, —
Nay, thy idolatry each space did fill,
Till thou didst wander desolate as now; —

Was 't thou, one bosom, one alone, didst feel —
With deep, responsive throb beat full to thine?
Yet thou mightst never there, in woe or weal,
Languid with love and chaste delight, recline.
Though pillow softer than of cygnet's down,
If not by love, were nightly for thee spread,
And flowers and perfumes for thy brow the crown,
Yet what were these to soothe thine aching head?

* * * *

Who made thee such? Was 't *woman*, whose should be
The joyful, holy office to restore
The wandering one, — to his parched lip, all free,
The cup of gladness raise, full, running o'er?

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Did she throw round thy heart a syren spell,
Then turn from thee all darkened in its maze,
When she, amid the incantation fell,
Should pour the incense, light the magic blaze?

Did woman lead thee as thy spirit guide,
With melting touch and rapturing music, on,
To the abyss, and there with maddened stride
Leave thee to plunge, her ministration done?
Did she, the while, gaze on with tearless eye,
In more than mockery of thy despair,
Nor stay thee as she lured, nor from on high
In thy behalf invoke the Spirit there?

* * * *

"Who made me such, thou knowest, O my God!"
Take up thy harp, and smite again its strings;
The earth stain wipe; tread not the miry sod;
Spread thy rich pinions; plume thy spirit wings;
And so shall he who "knows" thy anguish deep
Return thy lyre, and breathe upon its wires,
Till holy strains gush forth, and thou canst sweep
Its chords anew, while burn joy's quenchless fires.

Did woman wrong? 't is woman now entreats,—
The plague-spot tenderly would wipe away—
Would lift thee from the wayside—kindly metes
Her words of sympathy with humble lay.

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List, then! profane not thou thy nobler gifts;
Repose not on the ocean's tossing wave;
Go slake thy burning thirst: 't is woman lifts
Her beckoning hand;—*fill not a drunkard's grave!*

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LEGEND OF PERE LE CHAISE.

One of the most beautiful legends I remember ever to have read, and to which poetry could scarcely add a charm, has its connection with a tomb in Pere Le Chaise. It is that of a lady whose "husband had a pillar erected above her remains, that he might see it from his chamber window. Trees grew round about and obstructed his view. He then raised it considerably, that not an object might intervene between the guiding star of his desolation and his untiring gaze. Finally, his sight became dimmed by age, and the monument of his early love (which was dearer to him than any 'heart of living mould') faded from him as a vision. He then surmounted it by a gold cross, which glittered in the sunbeam; and the dying gaze of the old man rested upon the beacon-light, and his last sigh was wafted upon the breath of zephyrs, as a rich incense, to the shrine of his devotions."

Rear ye a golden cross on high, amid the orient's blaze,
And place it there, that it may guide the remnant of my days
To that lone, cherished spot where lingered e'er my sight,
At early morn, and latest eve, and through the winter's blight;
For there I laid my own true love, in beauty and in bloom;
There fell the guiding star of youth, that did my sky illume;
There fainted, ere the midday heat, the fond one at my side;
There faded from my manhood's grasp my glory and my pride.

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Then raise it there, far up on high, glittering in splendor bright,
That it may fail not there to guide my bleared and hazy sight.
And it were well to mark the spot with emblem ever blest,
With Ophir's gold in cruciform; for there mine eye would rest —
Would rest amid my solitude, till death shall press his seal,
And I shall meet mine own again, my yearning to reveal.
I've looked there with untiring gaze, from manhood on to age,
Nor bowed me at another's shrine, through all my pilgrimage,
Save his who chastens oft in love, and thus who made me lone;
And there my spirit meets my lost, a seraph at his throne.
Full many a charmed smile I've met, full many a brilliant eye,
And many a tender word might cheer the darkest destiny;
Yet these for me held but a charm all vagrant, passing, light;
My heart was yielded to the dead, in sacred, holy plight;
And shall I break the vow, and thus that memory profane,
Long treasured as my talisman, my inward temple's fane?
No! raise it there where I may see, and let it sparkle light
Amid the sunbeams' liquid glow, and as the orient bright:
For I am old, and sit in grief; feeble the sight now mine;
It guides no more my failing steps to that long-worshipped shrine.

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Alas! 't was there I chose my haunt, amid sepulchral gloom:
She decked my bridal bed in love, in love I decked her tomb.
Thus hither came old Egypt's pride, the glory of her mart,
(Though these were mockery to tell the worship of my heart,)
And marble monument arose, uptowering far on high,
And sculptured shaft, whose capital e'en faded in the sky;
But now I see them not as erst: raise ye the glittering cross!
There let me rest my dying gaze; all else on earth is dross!

'T is done; — high o'er the tomb of love is fixed the sparkling fane,
In holy emblem mid the stars, light that may never wane,
And wafted to its radiant arms, as sacred incense given,
The latest sigh of widowed love, "then plumed itself for heaven."

* * * *

Now raise ye there a monument more firm than sculptured spire,
Or marble urn, or figure e'en of gold that 's passed the fire;
And raise it to enduring love; for it were well indeed,
To vows that can o'erlook the tomb, to yield a prouder meed.

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Make it like Memnon, to the eye mysterious and sublime,
Or, like the sarcophagus, fair through centuries of time;
And raise it high, that all may turn the upward gazing eye;
Nor twine our fading symbols round, — its drapery, the sky:
Then let its tableture stand out, with letters clear as light,
As diamond gems, or brighter far the glittering stars of night;
Not of the dead the memory, not warrior's, statesman's name,
But to affection long bereaved, to love's enduring flame,—
To one fond heart that wearied not, nor hasted with his vow
To offer at another shrine, and there profanely bow,
Forgetful of the sacred pledge whose record is above,
Made firmer, holier, by death's seal; — TO WIDOWED, FAITHFUL LOVE.

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THE FORSAKEN.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ADDRESSED BY MRS. HEMANS TO HER HUSBAND.

Unbind my brow; it presseth me,—
This gorgeous, flowering wreath;
And hush that clarion sound abroad;
'T is as the knell of death.

Go where my name is registered
On scrolls of burning light,
And blot it from those tablets out,
In darkness as of night.

I am a woman; what to me
An empire's homage low?
Forsaken too; then what can fame's
Proud diadem bestow?

It presseth on me heavily;
I cannot wear it now:
Go hush that trumpet sound abroad;
Unbind, unbind my brow.

And what to me are gilded lines,
Upwritten far on high,

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Bestudded here and there with stars
Beneath earth's canopy?

For *thee* alone I strove in youth
This garland bright to wear;
For thee, *for thee*, I sought to win
A name on 'scutcheons fair.

How hast thou spurned it from thy heart,
And trampled in the dust
This offering, which with toil I brought,
For burning, baser lust!

How hast thou left me circled round
With glories now my scorn,
Which else around *thy* noble brow
Had clustered to adorn! —

Glories whose brightness but reveals
The midnight of my soul,
And aids me but to see thee quaff
The more than Circean bowl.

Though thou art false, I cannot hate
The father of my boy:
For what thou wast, I cherish thee;
Nay, more, — *I wish thee joy.*

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But thou canst never find it there,
Where guilty pleasures burn;
Curses emborder all the path;
Then, for thine own sake, turn.

Back to my heart? Ah, I have called
And beckoned thee with love;
And oft with tears entreated thee
To turn, the patriarch's dove.

Unbind my brow; it presseth me,—
This gorgeous, flowering wreath;
Go hush that clarion sound abroad;
'T is as the knell of death.

* * * *

O, woman, it is not for thee
To win a name on earth:
Shrink back, and mark thy circle there,
Around the quiet hearth.

No, not for thee to bind thy brow
With ever-budding wreaths,
Or catch the loud, applauding blast
Fame's clarion wildly breathes.

For whensoe'er thy forehead meek
The oaken leaf shall dress,

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Or laurel bind thy gentle brow,
Sharp, piercing thorns shall press.

And ever by Fame's wreathing hand,
In garlands thus arrayed,
Though closer to thy bosom bound,
The myrtle plant shall fade.

The infant god shall shrink before
Her deafening trumpet voice;
And, woman, though thy name she sound,
Thy heart shall not rejoice.

Or, though she write it mid the stars,
Thou 'lt spell it out with tears;
For love on earth, and heaven beyond,
Thy bosom only cheers.

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THE NAIAD'S SLOPE, ON THE BANKS OF THE CONCORD RIVER, AT LOWELL.

DEDICATED TO MR. C. H.

Come to the Naiad's Slope,
Down by the water,
Away from the world,
Away from its slaughter;
For hearts on its altar
In sacrifice burn,
And fond spirits falter,
While wreathing their urn.

Come, then, come away
To the slope by the river,
Where green leaves to music
Of bird-song oft quiver;
Where the dash of the billow,
With ludicrous mime,
Baptizes the willow
In merry spring-time.

While bright naiads beneath
Are playfully smiling,

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And Flora's fresh wreath,
In frolic beguiling;
So lilies wide over
Their silvery bed,
Their broad leaves to cover,
In loveliness spread.

Here wood-nymphs have brought
Rich tints of the forest,
And for drapery sought
Grave oaks, e'en the hoarest;—
Whether leafless or verdant,
Here nature is fair,—
To her votaries observant,
Rich beauty will wear.

The hushed spirit 't will charm,
Like love to the weary,
When harsh tones alarm,
And sunlight looks dreary.
Here sparkles the Pleiad,*
Long lost from its home;
To the Slope of the Naiad
What heart would not come?

* The reflection of the constellations, as has ever been observed, in any body of water, is increased by its gentle motion, till one may thus count the original of the Pleiades.

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Come hither with harp,
With glad song, come ye hither;
With your offerings haste,
Lest their loveliness wither.
Here are charms of whose lustre
We speak not beside;
Sure, the muses should cluster
Where *graces* preside.

Come away from the mart
Where the worldling is toiling,
While the spirit of gold
His heart is despoiling;
Where dew-drops are glistening,
And burden is not:
Come, this is our *christening*;
Come all to the spot.

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ODE FOR JULY 4, 1841.

With banners fresh wreathed, and scroll in our hand,—
Though the men who subscribed it the last is now numbered
With the patriot host, the green laureled band,
Who with buckler and shield on the battle-field slumbered,—
Salute we this day,
And in Freedom's array,
Raise the loud pæan to Liberty's sway.

CHORUS.

Columbia, Columbia, undimmed is thy sheen!
Mid the nations of earth thou art sceptred a queen.

But, alas! mid our stars, on this glad, festal morn,
A dimness is seen, a radius has vanished:
The chieftain we raised up to glory, low-born,
From that circlet this bright ray of splendor has banished.
He sleeps in the grave,
With the gallant and brave,
Whose memories to-day wake the rich mellow stave.
Columbia, Columbia, &c.

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On the land, on the sea, no invaders molest;
No tyrants oppress, and no streamlet is gory;
The "lion" and "dragon," and bird with twin crest,
No more flap the wing and howl vengeance to glory:
While the "shamrock" and "rose,"
And the "thistle" plant blows,
Shall our nation's fair bosom this nosegay disclose?
Columbia, Columbia, &c.

And the fresh "fleur-de-lis" in its beauty shall bloom,
Its pure fragrance dispense in the pathway before us,
As the "tricolored flag," and the "red cross" illume,
And graceful their rich folds in friendship spread o'er us,
No country so blest;
On her green banks at rest,
Her daughters and sons to her bounty give zest.
Columbia, Columbia, &c.

Our fathers, where are they, — who fought and who bled
To secure us these rights, and who gave to our keeping
Our rich shrines and temples, from whence have outspread
The hopes that sustain us while low they are sleeping?
As a charge from the hand
Of that strong pilgrim band,
The banner of Freedom we hold as our wand.
Columbia, Columbia, &c.

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Where are they to-day, — these warriors of old,
Columbia's first heroes, the men of high daring,
Whose footprints fade not from her strong mountain's hold,
Or the rocks and the cliffs that her frontlet is wearing?
Like a pillar of cloud,
Their spirits enshroud,
And urge us to hallow the fanes where they bowed.
Columbia, Columbia, &c.

Then, as freemen, stand firm, hold their trust long secure;
Let no blood-spot e'er crimson the flag of our glory;
And thus to our children *our* freedom ensure,
And our names as now bright on the pages of story.
While our broad rivers flow,
And our rich products grow,
Be our trust in high Heaven to guard from each foe.
Columbia, Columbia, undimned is thy sheen!
Mid the nations of earth thou art sceptred a queen.

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THE STEAM-SHIP PRESIDENT.*

O, KNOW ye aught of our gallant ship,
With her fated, hapless crew?
Does her rudder still in the sea-foam dip,
With the sign of hope on each pale pressed lip,
As she fearfully ploughs it through?
The pirate's prize,
Or on rock or reef,
Sends she her cries,
In vain for relief?
Or went she down at her morning prayer,
Or at midnight deep, mid wails of despair,
Where jewels of loved ones the mermaids deck,—
Went she down thus, O, our God, a wreck?

She bore on the ocean, not gems nor gold,
That our anxious hearts so prize;
She bore not alone, in its silken fold,
The babe, close wrapped from the sea-spray cold,
At its mother's breast of sighs:

* Written during the painful interval of anxiety and suspense relative to the fate of that noble ship, on her passage from New York to England, 1841.

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Not childhood's truth,
With its merriment;
Not fair-haired youth,
With bright hopes unspent:
Faint woman, with eye fixed on heaven above,
Unheroic and fameless, her destiny,— *love*;
Not these alone on the wide deep she bore,—
Her priceless freight to a foreign shore.

Yet these, ay, these, to a billowy grave
Were well consigned, from earth's toils at rest,
Could the reckless deep, the relentless wave,
To a useful life nobler manhood save,
With a chaplet of glory blest.
For her sea-washed floor,
And her cabin hall,
This proud treasure bore,
Who, at fond love's call,
As it thrilled the heart with a sacred fire,
Expanding it wide with a rich desire,
At honor's bidding, or holier beck,
With promise laden, strode her royal deck.

And one * she bore on his homeward way,
Whose noble and manly brow,

* Lord Lennox, of noble history, a lieutenant attached to the 76th regiment of the British army, early known to the writer.

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Was familiar indeed in my girlhood's day;
Alas, how acquaintance of youth fades away!
But what are his dignities now?
Honors how vain!
And *his* knighthood's star, —
Heeds it the main,
As fond ones afar?
His garter and scarf, what now do they press,
And what to-day his armorial dress?
For where is our gallant ship now, O, where? —
God of the waters, her rich freight spare!

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THE EMIGRANT.

"The only desire she had expressed was, that she might not breathe her last till the ship had arrived within sight of the land, in order that she might have assurance of the safety of those whom she loved better than herself. At length, one lovely morning, just as we were rising from breakfast in the cabin, the eager cry of a sailor, who had been purposely stationed on the upper yards, sent a thrill of pleasure through every breast in the ship, as it proclaimed that the blue outlines of the 'Highlands' were just breaking our monotonous horizon in the west: 'Land ho! land ho!' Like a voice from heaven the sound fell upon the ear of the dying woman. 'Thank God! thank God!' she said; '*you* are safe; our babes will have a home. And now my last request:—*bury me in the sea.* That,' pointing to the west, 'is but a land of strangers, if you bury me in it. The dust of our kindred is not there. Bury me in the sea. Promise — do not refuse.'

The service for the dead was read over her remains in the afternoon, whilst not an eye in the ship was dry, and the sobs of one manly breast were audible from stem to stern. A slight bustle followed the closing of the Prayer-Book, which was succeeded by a plashing of the waves at the vessel's side. Then, for the space of a minute there was a deep silence, which was suddenly broken by a quick, heavy sound, as of a large body falling lifeless upon the deck. The nature of the sturdy emigrant, which had been strained to the utmost power of manly endurance, and had contended bravely against the effects of fatigue and watchfulness for many days and nights, unable to bear the last shock, had quite given way. Faintness and stupor had come to his relief."

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"Bury me deep, in the waters down,
O bury me in the sea;
For my hand doth grasp an immortal crown,
The pledge of eternity.

"Bury me there, for my dead are far,
And I may not rest with them;
But the dark, deep sea, the evening star
Reflects as a heavenly gem.

"There would I sink to my long repose,
There would I wait his call,
At whose voice the ocean depths shall unclose,
And death's scales from each eyelid fall.

"The land to which ye are journeying,
For which we have dared the waves,
Is a land of God's o'ershadowing,
But a land of stranger graves.

"As the land where ye whom I love may dwell,
Alone is it hallowed to me;
Ye see it, ye see it, now fare thee well,
And bury me in the sea."

A holy pause 'neath the vessel's sail,
While she proudly onward strode;
No sound save the mingling of mourner's wail,
With the waves as they neared her road.

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At length a plash, and a heavy sound;
In the parted waves the one,
On deck the other, with frightful bound,—
And that sad day's work was done.

The emigrant mother — how deeply wept —
Had gone to her ocean rest;
But *he* to a bitter wakening slept,—
The widowed, the stranger, unblest.

* * * *

For far away is the emigrant's home,
Yet his woes cling fast to his breast:
To make his grave, perchance, he has come;
Give place for his form to rest.

O, then, as through western forests drear
He mournfully wanders on,
Withhold not from him a kindly cheer,
The tear by sympathy won.

Remember him, Christian, at morn and at night,
As he toils at the yielding sod,
And send him thither the gospel light,
The rich blessings of thy God.

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WHO LOVES THE FLOWERS?

Who loves the wild flowers,
In the still glen,
On hillside or in wood,
Far from haunts of men?

Who loves the violet?
Who loves the rose?
Who loves the heath flower,
Fading where it blows?

Who loves the lily white,
Down in the vale,
Blossoming at noonday,
Or at starlight pale?

Who loves the harebell,
Deep in the wood,
And the tall dragon-flower,
With its mottled hood?

Who the mint gathers,
Fast by the stream,
As its blue tiny cup
Drinks the sun's beam?

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Who the gay primrose,
  Sown by the wind
O'er the meadow where their sheaves
  The harvest-men bind?

Who threads the forest,
  Deep, dense, and green,
For the yellow violet,
  Rarely to be seen?

Or hies where the partridge
  Rears her shy brood,
For the white umbel flower
  Of the arrow-wood?

For the purple orchis,
  With its tall plume?
Or the speckled adder's tongue,
  In its golden bloom?

Who loves the kalmia's
  "Rich spotted cup,"
Lingering where the white flock
  On its poison sup?

Who climbs the willow
  At spring's first dawn,
For its soft, furzy bud,
  Ere snowhills are gone?

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Who seeks the maple tall,
In deep wood shade,
And bends its spreading boughs
For its glancing blade?

Or on the branches
Of the tall birch,
For its curious fingers sweet,
Makes his fearful perch?

Ye are they, CHILDREN,
Who love all these;
And who follow where they bloom
With instinct of bees.

Pluck on, children;
Ye are as they;
Types of all that 's beautiful,
And as brief your stay.

Cull on, children;
Ye are as they;
So with your fragrant burdens
Kneel ye down and pray.

Lift the tiny hand,
The meek heart lift,
As ye gather from the earth
The rich blossom gift.

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Thus of ne'er drooping flowers,
Ye your boquet
In a better world shall bind,—
Kneel ye down and pray.

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THE OAK AND THE IVY.

A YOUTHFUL Oak, with an honest pride,
Grew fast and firm by a green hillside;
While under its shadowy branches sprung
The beautiful Ivy, and closely clung,
With its climbing tendrils, around its form,
Nor yielded its grasp for wind or storm.
Year after year, entwined were they seen,
That Oak and Ivy, each verdant and green;
And the traveler oft to the left or the right,
As he passed, would pause to admire the sight.
But the Oak grew strong, a flourishing tree,
And haughty and proud and scornful grew he:
He looked on the vine, as it fondly clung
Round his spreading trunk, and its foliage flung
O'er his umbellous arms, with a proud disdain;
And he shook his crest again and again
In the strong west wind, to relax its hold,
For he would no longer its form enfold.
Still the poor vine clung, with an awkward grace,
And often turned with a sense of disgrace;
It relinquished its grasp from many a spray,
And withered with grief at the broad noonday;—
For neglect from a friend once firm and true,
How to bear was more thon the Ivy knew.

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At length, the Oak, all bloated with pride,
In its glorious show, thus tauntingly cried:
"Avaunt, thou worthless and baneful thing,
Nor more to my branches so closely cling.
Am I not worshiped the forest's chief?
E'en sages admire my beautiful leaf,
My noble trunk, and my spreading arms,
My splendid form, — how rich are their charms!
My strength is unyielding, four centuries old
My ancestors were, all hardy and bold;
And so may I, like an ancient sage,
Most properly count on my own great age,
And yet, by my fruit, around me spread
A noble forest, when I am dead;
While the birds of the air, with their merry song,
Their nestlings rear my branches among,
And the beasts of the field, in my lordly state,
Lie down 'neath my shade and ruminate.
And say, shall I, in my glory, bend
To a *hanger-on*, a *quondam* friend,
And stand to the world like a heathen shrine,
Encompassed about by a wandering vine?
Thou needest not think to climb by me,
Or longer expect my courtesy.
Avaunt, then! thy tendrils at once unclasp,
And release me now from thy poison grasp."

The Ivy coiled like a smitten thing,
At this proud harangue from the forest king,

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And turned away in abandonment,
That its hold from the tree was so cruelly rent;
While it seemed with grief its friend to view,
And tear-drops wept of the morning dew:
Its tendrils snapped; yet, as if by a spell,
A moment it hung, and then farewell,
With a sorrowing word to the Oak, alas!
It gave, and fell, on the fresh, green grass.

"My friend, shouldst thou heartlessly break thy vows,
And thus rudely shake me from off thy boughs?
I know not why thou shouldst coldly spurn
A well-tried friend; I 've the cause to learn.
That thou hast grown up to a noble tree,
Shouldst thou look with pride and disdain on me?
When thou wast a sapling, I stood by thy side,
And lent thee my foliage; while oft thou relied
On my verdure and beauty, when thou wast but wild,
And feeble and shapeless, the forest child;
And I am the same that I was ere while,
When thou couldst look upon me and smile.
Thy gifts are all nature's; no merit of thine,
That thou art preferred to the lowly vine:
There is nought on earth can be said against me,
But my own too deep sensibility;
For amidst the tombs, where the proud are low,
With no friend to bewail, I freshen and grow;
I cling to the shrine where no worshipers are,
And none witnesseth but the midnight star;

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Wherever the lone and abandoned are left,
I spring up in verdure, so they be not bereft.
But I, too, am proud, and I would not cling
To the skirts of the great, like a vulgar thing,
Nor hang on the smiles of those who would scorn
In fortune's reverse, though as lowly born
As my humble self; and I never would ask
In the patronage of such to bask;
My own true worth and beauty, the while,
Shall gain for me attention and smile.
In thy haughtiness, friend, I can but tell,
I pity thee truly, — but fare thee well;
Still I 'll creep round thee, and constant attend,
For the time may come when thou 'lt need a friend."

So, the poor Ivy wandered around,
And clung to the rocks, and crept o'er the ground;
On a lowly shrub, or a stump, now and then,
It lifted itself, with a cautious ken,
The better to see how the Oak would fare,
And if for aye its glory would wear.

At length, in the west a black cloud spread,
And faster it rose, till over its head
It paused; and fiercely the tempest broke,
And its fury spent on the towering Oak;
While the thunder rolled, and the lightning came,
And smote it there with a livid flame!

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The morning shone, and the old Oak tree
Stood a calcined trunk, for the world to see!
Spring after spring, and no verdure there,
Or fruit or foliage, did the Oak tree bear;
But the Ivy returned, with a dew-drop tear,
And twined round its branches all leafless and sere;
And evermore that scathed tree was seen,
Embowered with the Ivy, all verdant and green.

I tell this story to children and youth;
And many a lesson is taught in its truth;
But one on the heart I would deeply impress,
To guide them to earth's best happiness.

Whatever your rank or your station here,
Respect for the lowly you ever should bear;
And because the lofty may smile on you,
Disdain not the friends you earliest knew;
And though fortune may bless, and its treasure lend,
In haughtiness turn not from an old friend;
Nor ever grow proud in prosperity,
For meekness is truest gentility.

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HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Patriot! blessings on thee fall,
Like the rain or summer's dew;
Snowflakes thickening round thee, all,
Freshening as they melt from view.
Patriot! blessings on thee fall;
Age and youth revere thy name;
For to thy country's fainting call
Thou didst answer — guard of flame.
Thou hast dared, though 't were alone,
To battle for her, — her defence;
For her honor, not thine own,
Pouring forth thy eloquence.

Statesman! beauteous is thy robe;
Vestments, not a sparkling throne,
On the bright terraqueous globe,
Shadow fairer than thine own.
Beauteous is thy robe, and white,
Glittering in thy setting sun,
Burnished by the gorgeous light
Reflected from the deeds thou 'st done.
For the drapery decking thee,
Monarchs proudly might have striven;

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Freely offered by the free, —
Noblest guerdon ever given.

Hero! armor bright as thine,
Fresher wreath, no victor wears, —
Gems — not from earth's sordid mine,
Or drooping palm, thy forehead bears.
Hero! armor bright as thine
No returning warrior bound,
Marching in the battle line,
With his conquests strewn around.
His path is over fallen crests,
Proudly trampling in the dust;
Measured thine by high behests,
Raising the low to holy trust.

Philanthropist! what joy is thine,
Toiling for thy brother's weal,
Bowing never at the shrine
Where the base, false-hearted kneel!
Philanthropist! what joy is thine,
To thy soul, — nay, what reward!
Crown upon thy head divine,
In the presence of thy Lord.
Thou hast plead the sufferer's cause,
When thick darkness hovered round,
Girded by the holiest laws,
And by ties the noblest bound.

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Christian! treasures in thy heart
Thou may'st garner, scarce possessed;
Morn and eve thou hast a part
In patriots' prayers, by freemen blessed.
Christian! treasures in thy heart
Thou may'st bear to life's decline,—
Holy passport to impart
To the King the heavens enshrine.
These shall onward to thy wane
Bless thy life's fast fleeting day,
And adulation, not in vain,
From mingled voices cheer thy way.

Patriot, *Statesman*, *Hero* bold,
Philanthropist, and *Christian* meek,
Often as thy name is told,
Grateful tears shall bathe the cheek.
The oppressed in fetters bound,
The freed beneath the palm-tree's wave,
Hallow in their hearts the sound,
And shall bless thee to thy grave.
And when upward to the skies
Points the shaft above thine head,
On the breezes shall arise
Hallowed measures to the dead.

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THE SONS OF ERIN.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE "YOUNG CATHOLICS' FRIEND SOCIETY" OF BOSTON.

GIVE place, give place, our green land o'er,
To the sons of the "sorrowing isle;"
A kind and a tender welcome pour,
And bestow a cheering smile.
They come,—an oppressed, despairing host;
For "bread" is their children's cry;
"The tithe!" "the tithe!" rings along their coast,
And to us for succor they fly.
"We starve! we famish! our infants faint!"
O'er the sea comes the echo bold,
Where firm stands the cross of the "patron saint,"
In the soil once rich with gold.

Not such, indeed, was Erin's sad wail,
When Crimthan his sceptre swayed,
"UNCONQUERED," who graved on her armor of mail,
Her banner, her falchion's blade.
As of bondaged men, not such was her cry,
When in primal splendor arose
"Proud Tara's temple," with fane on high,
In grandeur startling her foes;

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When Ollam's pure eloquence charmed the crowd
Of assembled minstrels there,
Philosophers and seneacha proud,
With the Green Isle's lovely fair;

When Brian swept his colossal lyre—
Not to Erin's mournful fate;
But forth at his touch flashed glory's fire,
From its strings of a score and eight;*
Or when he, within Kinkora's halls,
In royal recumbence sate;
Or when proudly towered Œmania's walls,
The magnificence of the state:
"Her banner of green and her helm of gold"
Swells each heart of Erin's clay;
And it bleeds when the history sad is told,
That her greatness has passed away.

* It is well known, doubtless, that the original Irish harp possessed but four strings; in the ninth century, it had ten or twelve; and in the thirteenth, it had seventeen. But the harp of Brian Borhoime, king of Ireland in 1014, (so says Vallancey,) "had twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes,—consequently, *as many strings.*" It is now, we believe, in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. "The sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally; the extremity of the uppermost arm in front is capped with silver. It contains a large crystal, set in silver; and under it was another stone, now lost. The buttons or ornamental knobs at the side of this arm are of silver. On the front arm are the arms of the O'Brian family, chased in silver," &c. &c.

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When the noble bands of her elder time,
In their holy robes of white,
Went forth with their melody rich, sublime,—
Then was Erin's day of might.
Ye sacred, privileged minstrel band,
What now does your mantle shade?
In vision, as erst, I behold ye stand,
In your early pride arrayed.
But on whom, alas, does the spirit fall
Of Fingal, of Ossian, and Swift—
Of Parnell, of Carolan,—greatest of all,—
Or Barry, or Farquhar's gift?

With the rapturing notes of Goldsmith's lyre,
Ceased Erin's rich minstrelsy;
Though linger the strains of one lovely wire
Of her country's harp,—still free;
Yet the master hand has near ceased to move;
For feeble and hoar the bard,
And the heart that could leap to Anacreon love,
The master chord to guard.
The echo sweet o'er that bondaged isle
No longer resounds in pride,
Of an eloquence rich, that could beguile;
For Hussey and Flood have died!

Yet a murmur still winds her *raths* around,
Of a rhetoric pure and proud,

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Which, had it but power, her chains had unbound,
And dispelled the blackening cloud.
But her glory has passed, her splendor decayed;
Night hangs o'er that island afar;
Her sons and her daughters sit mourning in shade,
And dim is her destiny's star;
Or they wander abroad, the free in heart,
With a sad and burdened soul,
That the spirit of gifts from their isle should depart,
And the spirit of want control.

Ground down by oppression, "The tithe!" they cry;
"Bread, *bread* for our children give;"
O'er the sea, from their own loved land they fly,
And as aliens choose to live.
Extend them a welcome! give place, give place!
The sons of the noble and brave;
Give kindly assurance from woe — disgrace;
The friendly beckoning wave.
Mourn with them their lot, as ye honor the land
Of the shield and the gorget of gold* —
Of the silver lyre, of the white-robed band, —
The land of the strong and bold.

* Ireland formerly abounded with the precious metals, and with gold in particular. Relics of human armor and of horse furniture are frequently found in the bogs of that country, "wrought in the purest gold, and of the choicest workmanship."

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Encourage them in their weary toil,
For they are of kindly heart;
Ungrudgingly give the fruit of our soil —
The rich products of our mart:
And perchance they may yet, in adoption, win
An honored and glorious name;
For riches of mind they possess within,
To redeem their early fame.
And a spirit * has roused mid that "gem of the sea,"
And its pinions heavenward lifts,
Her burthen to light, and the darkness free,
And win back her spirit of gifts.

* Father Mathew.

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THE MENDI AFRICANS.

Back to your homes, ye men of ebon hue!
Wrapt in the Christian's drapery, go ye back,
And tell your brethren we would not imbue
Our hand in Afric's blood — and yet of kindness have no lack.

Go tell them, too, Columbia still protects
The wronged of every race, whoe'er he be,
Though her proud flag with hideous defects
Stands out, proclaiming freedom loud to those she will not free.

Tell them, though the cursed slaver steals along
Her sunniest shores, with groans of fettered men,
Bound for unholy traffic, yet the wrong,
There are who shame and grieve to bear e'en on their secret ken.

Tell them, though our bright 'scutcheon wears a stain
Deep as the blood-spot by a brother spilt,
Could prayers avail, were tears poured not in vain
By millions here, her sin were washed, and she all cleansed from guilt.

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Could prayers, could tears avail, her standard fold
  Should float no more in mockery on the air;
Nor yet again, where men are bought and sold,
  Her eagle, with spread pinions, its false emblem bear.

And go thou back, thou prince of sable hue
  And jetty locks! we give thee Christian guide
To the long-cherished shade of thine own yew,—
  To childhood's verdant seat, thy palm and fruitful date
    beside.

Take in thine hand the Christian's Bible, too,
  And in its holy light God speed thee there;
To thy benighted race, the promise new
  Of free salvation through a Saviour's dying love de-
    clare.

Would that the gospel banner, o'er thee spread
  By hands still reeking with thy brother's blood,
And heavenly passport given o'er ocean dread,
  Could but absolve from slavery's curse in sight of God.

Go! wrong us not, if wrong we did to thee;
  Forgiveness cherish, and, in faith all sure,
Believe thou still, what long believed have we,
  Our country *soon* will purge herself from what her
    holiest deem impure.

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THE RETURN.

Home of my youth, I have come to thee,
To kneel once more by thy altar tree, —
To stand yet again on thy mountain-top,
And drink from thy fountains the cooling drop:
I have come, thy forest haunts to tread,
And breathe the balm of thy violet's bed, —
To gather the flowers that bloom by the hedge,
Or hide themselves in thy bending sedge, —
To view the rock where, in childhood's day,
I sported the noontide hours away, —
To tread the hall and the nursery floor,
Where my careless song I poured of yore;
Though they have departed who joined with me
In that hour of innocent revelry,
And their footprints have faded one by one,
Till I must stand on the spot alone!

O, might I come with a spirit free,
With the joyous heart of my infancy, —
And roam as then by thy mountain-stream!
But, alas, alas for my childhood's dream!
My heart, — it is darkly changed since then:
I have looked on the proud abodes of men,

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And seen, with a sad and chastened soul,
What sordid passions the mind control;
I have followed the hearse, the laden bier,
Yet smothered the sigh, and forbid the tear;
Have stood on the brink of the vaulted grave,
While near me rolled the unfathomed wave;
I have felt misfortune's withering hand,
Yet laughed at her rude and stern command;
The smiles of the great, and the proud caress,—
O, oft has my heart felt their weariness!
I have gazed on high at the wreath of fame,
And grasped a flower to garland my name:
The wreath of fame! 't is the chain of the slave,
The fretted gem of the ocean wave;
And gladly I 'd cast it far, far away,
For the careless heart of my childhood's day.

But yet, through all change, I bring thee here
Tones that more than thine own are dear;
The lisping voice, in his infant joy,
And the lovely smile of a prattling boy;
The dear, fond pledge of a cherished one,
The imaged sire in his first-born son;
And, O, may never that smile depart,
Or the cold world chasten his manhood's heart!
Vain, vain as the Hindoo maiden's dream,
When she casts her lamp on the idol stream,

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And watches it far in the distance burn,
Fancying her lost may again return!
With the burdened soul with which I come,
He yet may visit his childhood's home;
Of a gay, glad throng, he, too, the last,
And the breath of the world o'er his spirit past!

Yes, home of my youth, I turn once again
To thy haunted wells and thy shadowy plain,
From the halls of pomp and heartless mirth,
To pause a space in my toil o'er earth,
And make my seat where thy green trees wave,—
Brief rest from care — and perchance a grave!
Yet my chastened heart, at a loftier throne,
Bows low to its God — not a "God unknown!"

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THE KONZA'S VOW.

The Konza warriors, on their departure on a war excursion, sometimes make vows, binding themselves never to return until they have performed some feat which they mention, such as killing an enemy, &c. An instance occurred, of a warrior who had been long absent under a vow of this sort, and, being in a starving condition, he returned to his own village, by night, with a determination of accomplishing his vow by killing the first person he should meet. The person happened to be the warrior's own mother; but the darkness of the night prevented the discovery, until he had accomplished his bloody purpose. LONG'S EXPEDITION.

THE war whistle sounded fearful and shrill,
And swelled on the breeze o'er forest and hill;
In the pride of his ire the Konza arose,
Gazing in wrath on the land of his foes;
Savage and wild was the flash of his eye,
While his soul for conquest beat fierce and high;
A figure he traced on the feathery snow,*
With his poisoned arrow and bended bow;
And his eagle plume flowed full on the wind,
As he breathed a vow he could ne'er rescind!

*"When a man is killed in battle, the thunder is supposed to take him up. In going to battle, each one traces an imaginary figure of the thunder on the earth; and he who represents it incorrectly is killed by the thunder."

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He paused, and his pride for a moment glowed,
Then a sacred gush from his soul there flowed;
For his spirit must long and ceaseless burn.
The vow was on him; he may not return
Till the trophy he brings, that still and low
He has left on the field his veriest foe,
And his own hand laved in the purple stream,
As it chased from his soul the warrior's dream.
He paused, for she who had borne him was there,
Her long locks silvered with age and care;
Her weary form 'neath its burden bent,
And her visions of mind, in her dotage, blent.
Who now will hunt the wild boar for her meat,
Or the deer-skin dress for her shriveled feet?
He paused; it had passed, — that hallowed vow;
Was he but a dog, to revoke it now,
And tarnish by weakness the Konza's fame,
Or spurn as a bauble the warrior's name?
He wrapped him close in the bison fold,
And silent, secured his limbs from the cold;
Then turned, and uttered a brief farewell;
But long did the sound in his cabin dwell.

Time bore away, on his hasting wings,
The days of the years as neglected things;
The lodge of the Konza was still and sad,
And the heart it held no longer was glad;

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For its youthful chief was yet far away,
His vow unfulfilled, a foe to slay.
He roamed the forest in ceaseless toil,
And his full heart yearned, as he trode the soil,
For the flickering light of his cabin fire,
And the hunting ground of his warrior sire:
One fierce resolve in his weariness
He made; and will the Wahconda bléss?
With a bounding heart his bow he sprung,
His tomahawk in his girdle slung:
A figure he sees — it approaches near;
'T is a female form, exempt from fear;
For woman in each, in every land,
Is sacred, secure from the ruffian hand:
E'en the savage may not with impunity
Rashly insult the light of her eye.
The Konza recks not; his arrow is sure,
Its poison deep, the victim secure.
It flies — she falls — he kneels by her side,
And bathes his hands in the crimson tide;
Then with tameless joy the scalp he tears,
And fast in his girdle the trophy wears.
With savage pride, and fleet as the fawn,
He reaches the cabin ere earliest dawn;
But the fire is low, and vacant the chair;
'T is still, and dark, and companionless there!
The fagot he lights; his spirit awakes;
The memorial quick from his cestus takes:

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Will the great Wahconda his children mock?
'T is his mother's long, bright, silvery lock!
For the deed thus rashly and fearlessly done,
The Konza expires with the rising sun.

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A POEM ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

WRITTEN ON READING SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO "WOMAN'S SPHERE."

O WOMAN, but for this, and this alone,
Wast thou created first, and given to man,
But to become the plaything of his idle hours,
The merest toy he sports with? to be tossed
And dandled, chirped to as the child at eve,
And then, amid the pageantry of earth,
For scarfs, and garters, and its tinsel show,
To be put off, neglected and forgot,
The smallest gem in his ambition's crest? —
To nurse his babes, and by the sick ones watch,
With tireless faculties and smiles of love,
Through the dull, creeping, midnight hours,
As thou wert chosen by disease and death
To wait upon their footsteps, and to stand,
In angel attitude, a witness true,
Of all the matchless misery they create?
To "serve," "submit," and wait upon thy lord, —
This, given to thee as *all* thy destiny?
To brush the dust beneath his feet, or off
His toilet stand, to patch his wardrobe rents,
And send him, sleek and trim, into the world

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To buy thy bread, (thine only needful thing,)
Or, it may be, some useless gaud, to deck
Thy weary form, at which thine heart would spurn,
If its high nature it do not belie?
And is this all thy lot, and all thou mayst
Aspire to for thine honor and thy bliss?
Was it for this that thou wast *woman* born,
And of thy heart's necessities, — *a wife?*

For this was given to thee thy soul-lit depths
Within, thy spirit paths, and fountains pure
And fathomless of kindness, love, and trust?
For this was given to thee thy holy hopes,
Garnered and hoarded from thy childhood up?
Thy many-chambered mind, thy wells of thought,
Thy sorrow channels, thy perceptions keen,
Thy quickening sensibilities that bleed, —
And must, when tenderness is laid aside,
Or kindness e'er forgot?

'T is true, I grant,
Thy heart's *effeminacy*, or, in cant
More popular and better understood,
"Woman's weakness e'er is woman's glory;"
Her soul's dependence on her bosom's lord
Her highest honor is, her loveliness;
Nay, more, — her being's very poetry.
And I would not that she should legislate
For him, or, with attempt though vain, instruct

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Him e'er in what is politic in church
Or state; or in full combination form,
For *public* deeds of charity; to break
E'en slavery's cursed bands, that foulest blot
On our free Christian country's far-spread fame,
As 't were for her all evils to remove
In precedence of him. Her theatre
Is home; and, if affection dwell therein,
Her whole existence *will* be there; and, too,
An influence benign she will exert
Within that home, which will resistless spread
Far through the land, till principles, her own,
Of true benevolence, are so instilled
In childhood hearts, that, hence, *man's* common acts
Will be but deeds of charity and love;
And the forged bands of the dark slave fall off,
Spontaneous and uninvoked.

But yet,
Has she, has woman of herself, and as her own,
No social *rights*, no independent will,
No privileges peculiar? may she not
Be competent to judge her own true sphere —
Though some mistake her meek and silent path —
And what may best become the mother — wife?
Ye prudent, wise dictators of her way,
Ye beacon lights, and ye who sit on high
In solemn council o'er her lot, — here pause.

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SUMMER TWILIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

O, 'T IS a lovely twilight! could the breeze,
That fanned the weeping peri at the gate
Of Paradise, have been luxurious more
Than this so gentle zephyr? softer e'en?
Full many such I 've seen, and loved them well,—
Better, ah, better far, than now I do;
For then my heart was lighter for the care
That did not press it, or its rejoicings
Chasten; — lighter, for the world's harsh spirit
That had not within it passed, and swept
Its secret chambers through; ay, lighter, too,
That then it had not mourned its dead, or e'en
Its far off living, who were fond and true,
Yet severed.

I do remember me of one,
Who loved an eve like this as well, whose soul
Blent with the evening loveliness, until
She wondered that the night should chill, or dew
Should moisten, e'en the tender forest leaf.
The story of her lot o'ershadows me
Whene'er I upward gaze upon the stars.

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I 'll tell it here, — though 't is of one unknown
To those who read, — a gay and gentle girl
Who had grown up to blooming womanhood,
In the full tide of her heart's trustfulness:
'T was strange, indeed, that two and twenty, nay,
One more summer still, had taught her not,
Earth had not a blossom fadeless, or e'en
A bud secure from blight, or, yet much more,
A promise that it could in truth ful l
Up to the very spirit of its pledge.
For thus Heaven wills, and wisely, too, else man
Would build him walls and palaces, and rear
Him pyramids, and castles wide, and fix
Him here content, in glory of his might,
His feet unsandaled for his pilgrim way,
Nor staff in hand, till summoned forth, with loins
Ungirt, and ear all unattuned to angel harps,
To stand before the naked throne of God!
Strange that earth had not long e'er this engraved
Upon her heart, in letters smarting with
The burning brand, *beware!* But so it had
Not; and she was all love and truth, all faith,
In whate'er promised love and joy to her.
And, for the moment, oft believing earth
A paradise, forgetting the true heaven
Indeed, was a wide Jordan's pass beyond.

One saw her thus, and in the secret of his soul,
His better soul, he knelt, as man will kneel

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Full oft; but, rising from the bended joint,
Forget the shrine where erst he bowed himself.
The sequel is not yet; he knelt, adored,
And worshiped — not for what she looked, but what
She was; angel well nigh in truth, no word
Of soothing flattery was that which oft
His fondness uttered.

The world looked on
And envied; and when he bore her on,
Far to his home, how mingled were the tears
On many a cheek, of joy and grief, — grief
For their lot, and joy, much and deep, for hers!
And when the gladness of her spirit passed
Away, they still looked on, and envied still,
Divining not the cause. But when her eye
Grew livid, and her cheek was sunk and pale,
They marveled all, and marveled much, and wept,
When the green sward was laid upon her grave.
No marble tablet told, that he who should
Have cherished her had been the dagger's point
To the fond, trusting heart within her breast;
That he, indeed, who knelt and vowed before
His God, had not performed unto the Lord
His oath; but had breathed forth cold words and harsh,
That sped to the heart's core with bitterness
And gall, and rankled there till every stream
Of joy was dry, and the sick soul, thirsty

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And parched, to everlasting fountains fled!
But thus it was in brief; and, frequent, man
Forgets that what he holds is by a tenure
Frail and feeble; that bitter words outlive
Their sound, and have for woman's doting heart
A language that the letters do not spell;
And more prophetic oft, than on the wall
The writing in the palace of the king
Of Syria's realm; that wrongs, though scarcely meant,
May chase, far from his grasp as heaven from earth,
What, in his better moments, he would hold,
And kindly cherish.

Alas, how present
Scenes and past events commingle! thus
A summer twilight tells this simple tale,
And the bright stars that light its firmament
Are made the pauses in the history.

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THE GOLDEN CROSS.

They wonder why to thee I cling,
And on my breast, thou simple thing,
  Through weal or woe, wear thee alway.
Can gold have such a charm for one
Whose scorn for gaud from youth was known,
And all exterior show alone,
  E'er spurned as mockery, they say.

Thou art a beauteous thing, 'tis true;
Thy workmanship I often view,
  Wondering what artist fashioned thee, —
Thy golden knots, so curious tied, —
Far in those eastern climes spread wide,
His fabled Pactolus beside,
  Of nation rude, unlettered, he.

Yet not for this I prize thee so, —
Thy knops, or flowers, or fairer glow,
  From dross and all alloy so pure:
I 've learned to scorn the yellow gold,
In current coin, or choicer mould,
Like him, the Athenian, Timon old,
  As ever to false friends a lure.

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And then, to deck the human frame
With golden toys, when forth it came
  In full *perfection* from God's hand;
As if by jewel or by gem,
T' enhance its charms, or diadem,
When its best charm seems marred by them,
  The mind, its heavenly, godlike wand.

I cannot choose; but yet with thee
A link of human destiny
  Is deeply wrought, I may not tell:
A sentiment round thee doth twine,
A tale less earthly than divine;
Therefore, thou jewel cross of mine,
  I 've valued thee so long and well.

Thou art an emblem choice, also,
Of human life, — its care, its woe,
  Its ever toilsome, thorny mart:
However lovely seem the path,
With flowers bestrewn, a *cross* it hath;
Nay, is itself: in love, not wrath,
  Therefore, I wear thee near my heart.

And holier emblem still art thou,
Of him, who to all scorn did bow
  While here, — our Saviour, hope, and stay;

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For man, amid earth's mazes lost,
Benighted, suffering, ocean-tossed;
Yet safe at length, life's desert crossed,
  Meek, leading on the heavenly way,

Thus, then, thou toy, let those who may,
Thine own specific value weigh,—
  However much, 't is small to me;
Or on thy choicer beauty dwell,—
To me thy worth is in thy spell,
Thy magic power; then ever well
  As I have loved, I 'll treasure thee.

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MY INFANT'S GRAVE.

THINE is a lonely grave;
No snowy marble here,
In sculptured architrave,
With gilded line and stave,
Up to thy name we rear.

And far from kindred dust
We hollowed out thy bed,
And laid thee here in trust
That only angels just
Would watch about thy head.

Nameless as thus thy tomb,
Forever let it be;
Unmarked but by the bloom
Of flowers in fresh perfume,
Or verdant shrub or tree.

For I would never here
Unhallowed feet should stray;
Or eye should linger near,
Unmoistened by a tear,
To note the silent way;

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Or lip unblest should read
  Thy name on sculptured stone,
Reckless of bliss indeed
Now thine, or hearts that bleed
  E'en yet for thee, lost one.

I would the zephyr's sigh,
  And forest solitude,
Where thy dear form doth lie,
Should guard, that passers by
  Heedless may ne'er intrude.

While sacred e'er as now
  To me the spot shall be,
Dear babe; and when I bow
To death, nameless as thou,
  I'll lay me down by thee.

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GRAY HAIRS.

I CARE not for the gray locks
That peep amid my hair;
They do not now my wisdom tell,
Nor e'en my age declare.
I've lived beyond my time, 't would seem;
But not so very long,
That these uncourteous harbingers
Should twine each tress among.

Well, let them weave their net-work;
'T is all the same, I 'm sure;
And dimples of my youth become
But wrinkles premature.
Old Time may turn his sand-glass,
And faster swing his scythe,
And in his baldness bustle round;
—I 'm not yet thirty-five.

And he his hoary frost-work
May scatter o'er my head;
In mimickry or mockery,
I have not much to dread.
Nay, nay, I 'm sure I 'd care not,
Were 't not in very truth,

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I never was a hypocrite, —
Not even in my youth; —

And wish not here thus lavishly
Old Time should falsify;
For "wisdom to gray hairs belongs;"
And here 't is sure a lie.
I have not loved the world too well,
Nor feared the "monster, death,"
But with an earthly, nervous fear
Of life's last, anguished breath.

For e'er I 've felt within me
A longing to be free, —
A spirit yearning for the sphere
Of immortality;
And of the soul a sickening,
As children o'er their toys,
That tears and crying purchased them,
But full possession cloys.

Yes, of the soul a sickening, —
A weary void within,
That choicest bliss of earth ne'er filled,
Where heavenly hopes begin.
So let the white threads glisten
Amid my tresses brown:
Time mocks, and works by proxy too;
For sickness showered them down.

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ON THE DEATH OF MISS B. W.

Daughter of the Hon. William Ward, the author's earliest and latest friend, to whom this poem is respectfully dedicated.

All have their days of feast in life,
And death has his:
'T is when youth falls, with beauty rife,
The sacrifice.

And great indeed his festal time,
When this fair flower
Was borne, in life and youth's glad prime,
To his dark bower.

We felt it such to be, who knew
Her gentleness, —
The love with which each day anew
She sought to bless.

They felt it such, — associates fond,
Who bitterly
Wept round her bier, the severed bond,
The broken tie.

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But who the parent grief may tell,
When the loud call
They heard to them, "Give ye, to swell
Death's festival?"

Who tell of the long yearnings deep,
The soul depths down,
That there their sanctuary keep,
Though Heaven should frown?

Or the fond clinging to the vase
Where the loved flower,
In bright luxuriance, had place,
Fresh in life's hour?

And other hearts there were to grieve,
Fond ties to break;
And memories their spells that weave,
And ne'er forsake.

Brother and sister of these know,
And they have felt,
How frail are earthly loves, while low
Their souls have knelt.

Yet, while this grief their spirit rends,
Know they not all —
Sister and brother, parents, friends —
From whence the call?

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And trust they not, in their hearts' dearth,
In God's kind care,
And feel thus heaven is nearer earth,
And thus more fair?

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I'M EVER WITH THE DEAD.

They crowd upon my midnight dreams,—
  Those early friends, who fled
Like mist before the morning beams;—
  I'm ever with the dead.
O, why are such associates given
To one of earth? they are of heaven.

My waking visions daily teem
  With forms departed long;
In groups they stand, and do but seem
  As life's own, varying throng;
In childhood, age, and infancy,
Their forms, as when on earth, I see.

Ne'er do my thoughts revert to "home"—
  To youth's gay laugh and tread,
But from the sepulchre they come;—
  I'm ever with the dead:
Not with them in their world of bliss,
All ill beyond; but they in this.

Whene'er the boon of sleep I take,
  They circle round my head;

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In close companionship I wake
With these, — the lost, the dead:
As last we met, no trace of years
Upon their lineaments appears.

Some were my girlhood's pleasant friends,
Who left me by the way;
And ever with my spirit blends
The memory of their stay:
Some, in ripe hoariness they fled; —
And thus I 'm e'er with them, — the dead.

Some cheered me by their tender love,
And, mentor like, they blest;
One, nestled like the tiny dove,
Close folded to my breast:
Their forms, in youth, in infancy,
In age, as when on earth, I see.

Why throng ye thus my vision's path,
Ye of that heavenly land?
More than in life, your presence hath
A spell, ye sainted band:
Is it that e'er around my head
Your kindly guardianship is spread?

Then hover round; guide ye my way,
Commissioned spirits all;

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Closely to watch me, lest I stray,
And mark me ere I fall.
The dream is sweet: ye 're here, though fled; —
'm with mine own, — the loved, the dead.

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THE STRANGER.

The stranger's heart, — O, wound it not;
A yearning anguish is its lot.

MRS. HEMANS.

WHO deals thus gently with the stranger's heart?
Who looks upon him as he passes by,
And sighs for him, that ever he did part
From home, from friends, and yearns to offer sympathy.

Who thinks that e'er for him bright flowers did bloom,
Or birds awoke with song his vintage morn?
That the rich olive, in its wild perfume,
Cast down for him its fruit, though now he seemeth lorn?

That God the forest reared to please his view,
Or rolled the stream in frothy grandeur on, —
Transcendent beauty — and its banks did strew
With things of lovely hue for that lone, alien one?

Ah, who believes and feels, as on he goes,
That he was once full mighty, mid a home
Where fond smiles up from fonder hearts arose,
And all was love and gladness in and round his dome?

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Who thinks him of the luxuries once his own,—
The loud applause that cheered him to his rest,—
That he 'mong other constellations shone
Glorious and bright, with numerous satellites blest?

Who thus obsequious takes him by the hand,
With bow obeisant and with courteous smile,
Tenders the greatness of his soul, its fulness bland,
And kindly cheers his weary, thirsting heart the while?

Who lifts up to his parching lips the draught,
The spirit cheering draught, from stranger founts,
Though rich and sparkling as his soul e'er quaffed
In other days long gone, which his sad memory counts?

Stranger! how often does this mark the man
Shut out from all acquaintance with his kind;
Severed from friends, from kinsmen, and from clan,
And from communion all, as mind with kindred mind.

And ever does it tell of voids within,
Of yearning hearts, of tender, broken ties;
Of lost familiar things, of what has been,
To be no more on earth, of severed sympathies.

Too oft does it reveal an anguished lot,
A lone one mid the city's gathering throng:
The crowd press on him, though they heed him not;
And whoso fears to wound of all he walks among?

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He passes on, unknowing and unknown;
Age, manhood, childhood, gaze into his face,
Yet gird their loins, and he walks still alone;
None care for him that he is parted from his race.

More grievous still, yet there on earth be those
Who list not to his wants, and pour no balm
Into his wounds, or heal his spirit's woes,
Or in affliction wait, his stricken soul to calm.

Turn thou from such; touch not their garments' hem!
Up from my inmost soul rises a scorn,
Not of what God created, but of them
In degradation from the man in Eden born.

All wrapt in inhumanity to man,
Robed in the folds of selfishness despised,
With skirts so narrow that bleared sight might scan
The whole small figure they had great ever surmised.

Heaven favor such: they are not of that clime;
They have not felt what renders man most great,
Marks him as noble, stamps his heart sublime,
An heir of Paradise, a being renovate.

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THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Blessed infant, thou hast left me;
Baby daughter, fare thee well:
Gift of Heaven, treasure fairest,
Thy mother's woe what words may tell?

Lovely blossom, thou hast faded
In the midst of prayer and hope;
My soul, o'erflowing with glad promise,—
O, how bitter is the cup!

One smile of thine was compensation
For each anxious, sleepless night;
And when careworn, sick, or wearied,
Clasping thee, my toil was light.

Not thus I pressed thy cheek, my daughter,
When first I took thee to my heart;
With tears, but not as these, I bathed thee,
Nor did I dream we thus should part.

In thy loveliness and beauty,
Must I tear thee from my breast;

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And on the death-chilled lap of strangers,*
Lay thee, baby, to thy rest!

Yet, my dearest, naught can harm thee,
For thy Saviour guards thy sleep;
And the lambs within his bosom
Folded are; — why do I weep?

Nightly watch around my pillow,
In the spirit of his love;
And, commissioned by the Father,
Near me always, heavenly dove.

Seraph now on golden pinions,
Holy minister of God,
Teach me, in my midnight anguish,
How to bow and kiss the rod.

Oft, amid my earthly dreamings,
Shall I meet thee as in life;
Oft in beatific vision,
With heaven's bliss and glory rife.

* The body was placed in the stranger's tomb, preparatory to interment.

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Then, farewell, my baby daughter;
Deep yearnings oft my heart shall swell,
Till, no more to part, I meet thee:
Precious infant, fare thee well!

February 26, 1838.

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GENERAL FRAZER'S BURIAL.

He was asked, before he died, if he had any request to make; to which he replied, if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at six o'clock, P. M. on the top of a mountain, in a redoubt which had been built there. At six o'clock the coffin was brought, and all the generals attended it to the mountain. The chaplain performed the funeral service amid constant peals from the enemy's artillery. BARONESS REIDSDALE.

No bugle note led on the way,
Nor muffled drum was heard;
No murmur, e'en of victory,
That soldier column stirred:
With helmet lowly doffed, and sword undrawn,
And arms reversed, they bore their brother on.

Amid the cannon's fearful tone,
The humble prayer was said;
Then backward turned, and one by one
They left him with the dead:
The sun departing, cast one lingering beam
On that lone hill, as if to gild his dream.

A burial meet for soldier's corse,
Upon the battle-field;
No deaf'ning shout of trumpet hoarse,
From ordered phalanx steeled,

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Went up o'er him in mockery to Heaven,
By Christ aneled, anointed, and forgiven.

A spirit silence mid a throng
Of armed men of might,
As God had hushed the battle song,
And fought the warrior's fight:
Silence amidst a helmed and plumed host,
With meek and lowly prayer, were Christian boast.

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THE GRAVE OF THE UNCASES.

"The burying-ground of the Uncases is on an elevated bank north of Trading Cove, in Norwich, Connecticut, on the ground of Judge Goddard. There are stones marking the graves of numerous members of the royal family of the Mohegans, and a few of them bear English inscriptions. Uncas, the old friend of the white men, is buried here."

THEY sleep unmarked, that royal race;
No monumental pile
Spreads its proud shadow o'er the place
Where, gone from war and native chase,
Rest those brave ones the while.
No willow droops around their bed;
No jasmine flowers the way;
Nor gentle one, with hallowed tread,
Makes there her lingering stay!

Alone they rest, that kingly line,
Silent, unknown, forgot;
The shadow of some ancient pine,
A broken stone, or wandering vine,
Are all that mark the spot.
The plover builds her lowly nest,
And hovers nightly there;

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And there the bittern seeks her rest,—
A lonely traveler.

No deeds of valor, or of praise,
Their country's hand records,
And seeks no storied urn to raise,
Proudly to tell in future days,
These were its noble lords.
Fame, in her sounding, tinsel car,
Passes the lowly brave,
And e'en the curious traveler
Scarce heeds the red man's grave.

Wound in the beaded belt they lie,
The warrior by his sire;
And he who with the flashing eye,
Waked first to sound the wild war-cry,
Chief of his race, is there.
The eagle from her home afar
There swoops her pinions fair,
But glory's bright, long lingering star,
Sheds not its lustre there.

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THE OLD MAN'S SONG FOR DECEMBER 31.

WHAT waitest thou for, departing year?
Dost linger for blessings from mortals here?
Thou hadst better speed, for thy brow is cold,
Thy head is hoary, and thou art old;
And few on earth thy errand may bless,
For much hast thou wrought of weariness:
Go, speed thee on, for thy breath is chilled, —
But give back thy promises unfulfilled,
The faded hope, and the broken vow,
And the joy thou hast kept, — O, give them now!
Go, heal the spirit thou 'st stricken deep,
And dry up the tears of those who weep;
Fill thou the void in the ruined heart,
Bid its aching cease, ere thou depart:
Close link it again, the flowery chain,
Of love thou 'st severed; the grief that 's vain,
O, soothe it now, for that household band
Can meet no more but in heaven's fair land;
Thou hast taken one from the happy few;
Thy winds well may wail, for the grave is *new!*
Go, quench the fire in the breast of guilt,
For violence done, and the blood that 's spilt;
Nor take its innocence, and leave it there
Unhouseled in woe; go, teach it prayer,

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And bring up the rich treasures from the deep,
Thou hast thrown there, that pained want may sleep;
And break the chains from those thou hast bound;
Repeat to them freedom's long cherished sound.

Dost ask a blessing, and linger still
In thy last faint gasp and dying chill?
Go, then, to her with the jeweled ring,
And the bridal hope, ere its withering:
Her dreams are bright, and her joy is high;
Her heart, too, is proud — all thy gifts — fly.
To the mother, go, while her new-born one
Beside her is laid, her only son;
'T was a perilous hour, but joy it brought,
And she will bless for the work thou 'st wrought.
And go thou to the full family board;
There, blessings thou 'lt share for one restored,
Who drank of the vintage in foreign lands,
And sang the captive's lay in captive's bands,
Whom they mourned as dead; but thou didst bring
The wanderer home, and blessings they sing:
And others may bless for joy thou hast given, —
Not the joy of earth, but the hope of heaven.

Then hasten thee on, and look not to me,
For my eye is dim, and I cannot see;
Thou hast cast a film o'er my fading sight,
And shut out from my soul the pleasant light;

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Thou hast stolen the locks of my hoary hair,
And left my head, o'er the temples, bare;
Hast passed thy hand o'er my withered brow;
Its furrows were deep — they 're *many* now:
O'er my limbs thou hast thrown a weariness,
And laid me low on the bed of distress;
My last fond hope thou hast taken away,
The light of my youth, my strength and stay;
I am left alone of my household band,
And my heart yearns deep for that "better land."
Thou hadst better speed, for thy breath is chilled;
Thy locks with the frost of death are filled;
And look not to me, but hasten thee on,
For thy hours are full, and thy errand done.

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TO AN INFANT.

"Her lot is on you, — silent tears to weep."

O, WOMAN'S lot is thine, fair one,
Though joyous, glad, and free,
And sporting till the day is done,
In thoughtless infancy;
Yet woman's lot is on thee!

Thy smiles will meet a changing hour,
Thy joys a chastening woe;
And there will come a blighting power,
To check thy spirit's flow;
For woman's lot is on thee.

'T is thine the midnight watch to keep,
Fast by the bed of pain;
And by the glazing eye to weep,
And wail thy dead, though vain;
For woman's lot is on thee.

And thine to fix thy youthful hope
On one bright earthly star;
Giving thy life, thy being up,
An idol worshiper;
For woman's lot is on thee.

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Thine, too, to hang in fondness there,
Through wrong, and woe, and ill,
And in thy silent heart to bear
Griefs that no words may tell;
For woman's lot is on thee.

It may be thine, mid earthly strife,
To meet one fond and true;
A smile to gild thy path in life,
And light thy journey through;
For woman's lot is on thee.

A pillow for thine aching head,
Assuager to thy woe,
A watcher by thy restless bed,
When life's weak stream is low;
For woman's lot is on thee.

But, O, whate'er on earth thy part,
Go bow at heaven's pure shrine,
And early give to God thy heart;
For woman's lot is thine;
Ay, woman's lot is on thee.

August 11, 1837.

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RECONCILIATION.

Forgiveness, forgiveness, O, ask it of him,
Thy spirit's accused, ere his eyeballs are dim;
In the darkness of death, and he pass to the dead,
While thou art unhouseled, thy curse on his head.

Forgiveness! implore 't is thy brother, thine own;
Round the same parent knee, mingled childhood's glad tone,
The songs of thy boyhood, the loves of thy youth,
In concert rose up from the fountain of truth.

From the death-bedewed lip, and the faltering tongue,
Were the blessings of her on thy destinies flung,
Whose peril and joy were alike at thy birth,
And who sought for thee honors and glories on earth.

By the things that are holy, remember that hour,
When thy mother's last sigh, like the breeze o'er the flower,
Was breathed forth for thee, her fond ones, her all:
At the altar of peace, then, in unity fall.

At morn, and at eve, were thy orisons given,
In harmony pure to the Father in heaven:

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O, let not thy wrath now his favor prevent;
For the bitterness held may thy spirit relent.

Approach not the altar, till meek as a child,
Thou art to thy brother in heart reconciled;
Come thou then with thy gift, and offer it there,
And the God of thy fathers shall answer thy prayer.

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THE FIGURE OF MEMNON.

Where ancient Thebes now guards her silent throng,
Who, long retired from battle, feast, and song,
There cast the hero's wreath in anguish down,
For fadeless glory's bright, untarnished crown,
There stands, e'en yet, that long mysterious thing,
That mighty figure of proud Ethiop's king,
By whom old Nestor of his pride was shorn,
And for a son in manhood left to mourn;
And as the sun first in the orient gleams,
Casting athwart its pedestal his beams,
Forth bursts a strain of music sweet and long,
In cadence rich as fabled naiad's song,
As harpstring to its closest tension wound,
Thrills, ravishes, then bursts amid the sound.

Then, as if rising from the marble seat,
His morning rays in glory full to meet,
The form seems strengthening, while the arms are thrown
Beside to give support; but not alone
From earth can it arise; fixed to the block,
Its infant feet each effort seem to mock.

Alas, not thou alone art figured there,
Proud Memnon, king, chiseled in lines so fair;

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For well the sculptor's art has thus portrayed
Mortality's vile clogs in light and shade;
Man, as from Eden's courts in woe he came,
Driven thence in anger by a sword of flame,
And by the fiery blade each avenue
Guarded, by which he e'er a passage through
Could force back to its bowers; and now in vain,
Like thee, *mysterious* pours the enraptured strain;
Like thee, from earth in vain attempts to rise,
While pinioned here by its unnumbered ties;
And in himself his onward race to run,
All helpless, feeble, till the glorious Sun
Of righteousness, with bright and heavenly ray,
Illumes his soul, and lights the eternal way.

Forever stand, thou marble statue, there,
A monument than palaces more fair;
Let ages gaze on thee, mysterious thing,
Figure alike of subjects and their king;
A matchless specimen of human art,
And matchless emblem of the human heart!

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REMINISCENCES.

'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the past'ral house our own.
COWPER.

A CHANGE is o'er my childhood's home;
And, as I muse, what visions come
Of the long past — its happy hours,
And the gay things amid its bowers, —
Of mirthful voices, silent now,
And peopled halls, where strangers bow,
And gathering forms around the hearth,
With many an idle tale of mirth,
Now severed wide, in varied hall,
By mount, and stream, and forest tall,
And differing each in hope and fear,
Each holding different pleasures dear!

Far other tales and other lays,
Than those that in their childhood's days
Thrilled through the heart, and moved the soul,
Give interest now, and hold control:
Yet chastened and constrained the smile
That plays around their lips the while;
Heartless and cold and stern the joy,
And mingled with the world's alloy;

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Long passed the freedom of the child,
The spirit hackneyed and beguiled.

Still whistles in the marsh the thrush;
And even in the lilac bush,
Fast by the oft-frequented door,
When winter's dreary reign is o'er,
Builds the old robin, year by year,
And broods her young, without a fear;
And the gay-plumaged humming-bird,
With fluttering wing, like music heard,
Steals oft amid the silent bowers,
And sips from aromatic flowers
Her morning meal, nor passes by
The guelder rose, and damask, high,
Each by a hand transplanted there,
And nurtured with the tenderest care,
Now laid upon the silent breast,
And to the earth consigned to rest!

Still the lean beggar, day by day,
As unexpectant on his way,
Which he has traveled o'er and o'er,
From thirty years to full threescore,
And scarce a pillow for his head,
Or scanty meal of mouldy bread,
Could e'er obtain by tear or sigh —
So much misfortune told the lie —

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There pauses, charity to win,
As when the master bade him in,
With generous heart, and open hand,
And tear he well could understand,
And gave him cheer, and hearth, and fire,
Rich comfort, ere he should retire,
To walk his wearied round again,
An alien mid his fellow-men:
As privileged, he takes his seat,
But not the master's smile to meet;
For none list now *his* cheerful tread;—
That master worships with the dead!

Yet there his Bible closed, and laid,
Careful, on shelf expressly made
To place the holy volume, lest
It join with books less sacred — blest;
And marked e'en yet the promise brief,
By note, or pin, or folded leaf,
That cheered him on his pilgrim way,
And taught him erst to watch and pray;
Which well he heeded, faithful warred,
And now he reaps the sure reward:
While there is still the ancient chair,
By which he knelt, in holy prayer,
Each happy morn and silent even,
Strengthening his hopes in God and heaven;

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Committing thus his children all
To him who notes the sparrow's fall,—
Who ever lends a listening ear,
Each meek and humble cry to hear:
Yet none bend o'er it; all are past,
Save one — most cherished — she the last!

And she, in dotage, sitteth there,
With shriveled form, in elbow chair;
Fixed on the wall her filmy eye,
As dreams of youth were passing by,
Or listless sporting with the toys
That made up childhood's tiny joys:
Yet she, though widowed, is not lone;
For scarce she knoweth he is gone,
Who was the solace of her youth,
Who shielded her through wrong and ruth:
Her children, from the world's wild strife,
Or the unceasing toils of life,
Oft turn, and pause beside her knee;
Yet dreams she not their infancy
She nursed, and the soft pillow spread,
Frequent, beneath their feverish head;
Or rocked and dandled, noteless hours,
Their feeble forms, strengthening their powers;
Or many a time, in after years,
Their absence mourned, with bitter tears;

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And wonders why such stranger men
Aught relative to her should ken!
She recollects no mother, child,
Sister, or aught by usage styled
Relation; e'en her own sad lot,
A mystery comprehended not!

Ah, wretched fall from Eden's bowers,
Degrading thus man's heavenly powers;
And joyful prospect,—the cold grave,
Designed to renovate and save;
Dispel the mist! freely unbind
Earth's shackles from the human mind.

Thus, when I meditate the change,
And feel my home, my kindred strange,
And e'en myself not what I was,
But one among earth's mysteries,
I look above, and, in the view,
Believe the poet's language true:
"It is a privilege to die,"
And check within the rising sigh.

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THE CHEROKEE.

"An old man and his family were called upon, by a company of armed men, to march to the fort. They paused, looked wistfully at the soldiers, and made one request; and what do you think it was? Why, that he might be permitted to pray with his wife and children in the cabin once more, before they left forever. The request was granted: they knelt, and, with that fervor peculiar to an oppressed soul, they poured forth their sorrows before God, who hears the cry and vindicates the cause of injured and bleeding innocence. They arose from their knees bathed in tears, kindly shook hands with all the soldiers, affectionately embraced each other, and turned their backs on all they held dear on earth, to see it no more forever; and they wept; the soldiers wept; and who, indeed, could have done otherwise?"

"And must I leave my forest home?"
The humbled warrior said;
"My head is white, and I shall soon
Pass to rejoin my dead.
I have grown old amid these haunts,
And reared my children here;
Here is my corn, and here my gourd,
And here the fallow deer.

"Here is my altar, where to kneel
Ere toils of day begin:

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Like thee, I had my household gods;
And they are here, within.
It is to me a hallowed spot,
Spread out with cherished things;
And more of wealth it hath for me,
Than treasury of kings.

"Birth hath it cheered and sanctified,
And twined it to my heart;
And childhood's mirth and song endeared;—
How can I thus depart?
Each fastness, and each rock and cave,
Are linked with boyhood's dream;
And these old, hoary sycamores
As boon companions seem.

"Their stooping top and bearded branch
Grew perfect by my side;
While these deep, broad, and bridgeless streams
My thirst have ever dried.
These are the charms that to my heart
Its solitude hath bound;
But firmer, holier ties it hath,—
My dead repose around!

"O! must I leave it?" to his cheek
The tear of anguish rushed;
And from his spirit's fountain forth,
Grief, as in childhood, gushed.

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He paused, — then gazed once more around,
And wept without control;
Then one request he made, and quenched
The sorrow of his soul:

"Thy missionaries taught, in grief
To bend to God and pray:
For that, within my cabin yet
One moment let me stay.
I would with these my children kneel,
And feel my spirit free
Once more; and then my treasured things,
E'en all, I'll yield to thee."

Within that lowly forest hut,
That sanctified recess,
They bent as God's own children bend, —
Were blest as he can bless.
Was this the passport that he bore,
My country, to his throne, —
Thy faithless pledge, thy wresting hand?
Rescind the wrong thou 'st done!

He rose all girded with the strength
That will through trial bear;
Then pressed each palm, and with farewell
He blent forgiveness there.

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"Now I am filled with holy faith,
And nerved to leave the spot:
Take all; but, oh, that sepulchre, —
White man, profane it not!"

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THE GIFT OF THE DIVORCED.

I 'LL take it back, 'tis valueless;
I thought it would be prized,
The talisman of happiness,
Its trusts all realized;

And that it would a shelter find
In every stormy blast,
And e'er be shielded, when the wind
Of deeper trial passed;—

And when the fount of life had grown
A turbid, bitter spring,
That this, upon the surface thrown,
Would prove a charmed thing.

I'll take it back, a gift so poor,
Worthless, and weak — nay, worse,
Misery and woe it shadows o'er;
'T is but a blight, a curse.

Yet, in my untried morn of life,
How priceless did it seem!
While many a one, with blessings rife,
Did the poor guerdon deem.

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'T was ill prepared to breast the wing
Of tempest over earth;
I 'll take it back, mistaken thing, —
It is of little worth.

Yet, cherished as a tender flower,
And soothed, its faults forgot,
It might have been one little hour
A blessing, — might it not?

I 'll take it back, 't is so alloyed;
Yet would I could restore
The peace it lost and has destroyed,
For none will prize it more.

It was my all, and, when first given,
A gem all perfect seemed:
I 'll take it back; receive it, Heaven,
And make it what 't was deemed.

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L. E. L.

Quem Dei amant is moritum juvenis.
HORACE.

THEY say that thou hast cast thy lyre
Far in a foreign land,
And fled to join a loftier choir,
A holier, minstrel band;
That thou didst strike one plaintive note,
Then sudden ceased the strain;
And that no more on earth will float
Thy lovely song again.

And all have wailed thee, and have passed
Their requiem o'er the surge,
To that sad stranger home, — thy last:
Mine is thy latest dirge!
Yet none their harps more sadly took,
Or sorrowing, swept its strings,
Of all the poet train who brook
A grief thy memory brings.

Thy love, it seemed a passion lone,
To which but tears belong,
For plaintive grew thy lyre's sweet tone
When this awoke the song:

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And as congenial souls are knit,
As feelings intertwine,
So did thy words my thoughts befit,
So clung my heart to thine.

Thy lays a mournful melody,
In richest cadence thrilled,
As if thine own sad destiny
Thy minstrel heart had filled;
Yet they like music touched the ear,
And depths of soul e'er moved;
And much their melting notes to hear,
Their spirit tones, I loved.

Too soon thy young love spread its wings,
Plumed for its heavenward flight;
Too soon it fled from cherished things,
And quenched its bridal light;
Too soon the rose wreath cast away
Which love and hope did twine,
As all too poor to tempt the stay
Of gifted souls like thine.

And fame's bright garland round thy head,
— Ah, what was that to thee,
When fadeless flowers a circlet spread,
Fresh through eternity?

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Well didst thou prove them all as given
To chasten, not to bind;
Lifting thy pinions up to heaven,
A changeless world to find.

Ay, thou hadst felt the galling bands;
Prophetic words were thine, —
"A fated doom is hers who stands
The priestess of the shrine:
The crowd, they only see the crown,
They only hear the hymn;
They mark not that the cheek is pale,
And that the eye is dim."

"The heart is made too sensitive,
Life's daily pains to bear;
It beats in music, but it beats
Beneath a deep despair!
The meteor wreath the poet wears
Must make a lonely lot;
It dazzles only to divide
From those who wear it not." *

But thou art gone, and we shall long,
In sorrow's secret gush,
Mourn for the silence of thy song,
Thy harp's so sudden hush;

* Lines on the death of Mrs. Hemans, by L. E. L.

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Yet joy for thee, that thou art where
No shackles e'er can bind,
No clog of earth, no grief nor care,
Again oppress the mind.

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THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK.

Thou tireless monitor, still dost thou stand
On the same spot where first my infant eye
Thy glittering pendulum caught, and stealthy hand,
That notes the moments as they hurry by.

There hast thou stood, counting the seasons o'er,
While nought thy upraised finger ever feared;
Till thou hast numbered up the years threescore,
Since thy monition "tick" was earliest heard.

Thou 'st many a scene recorded, faithful one,
Of childhood mirth, and joy's more chastened flow,
And ever kept thy solemn sentry lone,
Through birth, and bridal, and funereal woe!

And thou hast noted bitter partings, too,
At the dear parent threshold, oft with tears,
While some who went and uttered there, adieu,
No more returned to gladden after years.

Yet never didst thou falter in thy round
Save once; 't was when the master laid him down

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In the still midnight, while the cords that bound
Him here quick burst, and showed a heavenly crown.

Then didst thou pause, and from thine office shrink,
Still pointing to the moment when he died;
As suddenly endued with power to think,
And that occasion fitt'st of all beside.

Oft as I think of thy enameled face,
Scenes thou hast noted on my memory free
Rise thick; again in that familiar place
I seem to stand, holding companionship with thee.

Thou wast as one among the household band,
And "fair befall" thee, whatsoe'er thy lot:
Beneath the parent roof e'er didst thou stand;
Yet soon that place, like mine, may know thee not.

But "fair befall" thee, long familiar one;
Hold fast the secrets thou hast ne'er revealed;
Servant of time, when thou 'st thine errand done,
'Mong sacred relics may thy form be sealed.

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THE LOCK OF HAIR.

O, WOULD ye know why thus I prize this little lock of hair,
Why thus I press it to my heart, and treasure it with care?
Or why I sit and gaze upon 't, and moisten it with tears,
And place it with the holy things left by departed years?
It is a tender tale, and sad, yet one I love to tell,
For oft amid earth's gayest scenes my thoughts on it will dwell;
And from life's brightest visions, too, my heart away will turn,
And, for the love it cherished then, in anguish deeply yearn.

I had a little daughter once; 't was in the summer time,
When birds within the nest were fledged, and flowers all in their prime,
That first I pressed her downy cheek, and heard her infant tone,
And felt, in richness of my heart, that she was all my own:
Daughter of many prayers was she, and gift of many tears,
The treasure of my choicest hope and of my tenderest fears;
And she was fair, nay, beautiful, while her bright, lovely smile
Could ever from my o'erfond heart its weariness beguile;

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And yet the holy light of *mind* from out her eye that beamed,
More charming far than all beside, ay, loveliest, I deemed.
The wisdom, too, of years seemed hers, though years she numbered not,
And few indeed the months she told, so brief her earthly lot:
Yet she would sit upon my knee, and earnest prattle o'er,
With thoughtful gaze her infant tale, as 't were a sage's lore;
And oft I thought, and pleased my heart with the vain cherished dream,
That when to woman's form she grew, how dear would be the theme,
How fraught with virtuous mind, and rife with ever filial love,
And what a destiny of good her onward life would prove!
Fondly I clasped her to my heart, yet scarcely realized
That God the blessed giver was, the gift so much I prized;
And as the spoiler came, his hand on the dear treasure laid,
The poison spread — I saw the flower upon my bosom fade;
Yet to her gave the lily's bloom, and brightened up her eye,
As if to add unto his work a deeper poignancy.
Yet still she smiled, and patient looked, while warily she caught
The gentle step, or waving hand, as 't were relief it brought:

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The body wasted day by day, while fast the mind matured,
The soul, perfecting thus for heaven, that better land secured.

One morn she early woke, and looked as earnest she would tell
A tale of wonder, or of woe, — a tale she knew full well;
How eager was that tender gaze, what speaking fervency
Dwelt on the features of her face and kindled up her eye!
It was a scene would melt the heart; at length a feeble wail
Was heard, — the agony was o'er, and thus was told the tale!
'T was death, — indeed the tale was told, and there the ruins lay,
While there were few to sympathize, for friends were far away:
Yet, when we dressed the tiny form, and placed it on the bier,
Nature, e'en from the stranger's heart, wrung forth the pious tear;
And in *their* sepulchre we laid, with bitter woe and pain,
The precious guerdon God had given but to resume again;
Yet from her icy brow I took, with sigh, and tear, and prayer,
Ere her dark coffin-lid we closed, this little lock of hair;
And more than gold I value it, or jewel e'er so fair.

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But now earth's beauty all seems marred; the lovely
starry night,
And the more glorious sparkling morn, fail e'en to charm
my sight:
The song of birds and woodland flowers have lost their
loveliness;
Far rather would I gaze upon this shining auburn tress;
But though the night more gloomy seems as falls a
worshiped star,
Yet, when to heaven its light ascends, that heaven is
brighter far.

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HEAVEN'S GIFT.

Written on the birth of a second daughter, May 17, 1840.

Come to my arms; I feel the glow,
A mother's burning love;
Come thou, the image of my lost,
My seraph one above.
Thus while I fold thee to my breast,
What visions fill my head!
All fearfully I take the gift,
Blest image of my dead.

I dare not hope, I would not fear,
The guerdon is God's own;
In gratitude, all mute I bend
Before his lofty throne.
Perhaps 't is joy, perhaps 't is woe,
Along thy pathway spread;—
All fearfully I take the gift,
Blest image of my dead.

It may be mine again to feel
The chastening of his rod,
And lay thee, in thy infant bloom,
Beneath the flowery sod.

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Whate'er be thine, whate'er be mine,
I would not know to dread;—
All fearfully I take the gift,
Blest image of my dead.

Nor dare I plead my choice desire,—
Long be thou spared to me;
But I would trust, and acquiesce
In what Heaven's will may be.
Along earth's weary way are thorns,
Where shodden feet have bled;—
All fearfully I take the gift,
Blest image of my dead.

But I would ask, and I *may* plead,
Heaven's purity for thee;
Thy infant *innocence* prolonged,
Whate'er thy lot may be.
So may'st thou joy, and I can smile,
So light in death be shed;—
Still fearfully I take the gift,
Blest image of my dead.

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TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF REV. E. L. BASCOM, WHO DIED AT FITZ WILLIAM, N. H. 1841.

Hoary pilgrim, thou art gone!
Well hast thou thy labor done;
Well indeed the promise kept,
And the crown hast fully won:
Others thou didst bless on earth,—
Thou art blest with heavenly birth.

Thou, like corn within the shock
Fully ripe, art garnered in;
And no mildew, hence, or blight,
Come thy Father's house within.
Cheerfully thou didst resign
Staff and scrip, for faith was thine.

Long and early didst thou toil
In thy Father's vineyard, well,
And hast gone to thy reward:
Aged pilgrim, fare thee well!
Thou art far removed from strife,
Ill and woe, and sin of life.

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Shall we mourn thee, brother, now,
Crowned on earth by righteousness? *
Richer crown doth press thy brow,
Holier harp thy love express.
Brother, shall we mourn for thee,
Loved of Christ, now truly free?

Thou wast weary, and we joy
Thou dost rest from toils of life;
Thou wast faint, and we rejoice,
Crystal founts, with waters rife,
Thou art beside: yet, friend beloved,
We mourn the good from earth removed.

* The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. — Prov. xv. 31.

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MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY.

THOU jewel at the mountain base,
Where curious travelers wend,
Of woman's loveliness and grace
The guardian and the friend;
A cherished, sacred, polished gem,
Free from earth's miry stain,
The landscape's lovely diadem,—
E'er hallowed be thy fane!
'T is beautiful to see thee stand
In single greatness there,
By breezes from the forest fanned,
Mid fairest things, most fair.

No transatlantic fossils speak
In pediment or base;
Yet thy red walls and columns meek
Have architectural grace:
Beside, in blended contrast there,
The mountain and the vale,
Now hallowed by the voice of prayer,
Where echoed savage wail;
Near, at one pleasure glance, springs forth,
The river circling round,

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The fairest hamlet * of our earth,
By hill and forest bound.

In sloping, paradisal green,
The meadow's far extent,
Edging the sparkling waters' sheen,
With cultured gardens blent:
O'ersweeping the long, bending grass,
The feathery broom grows tall,
Bordering the traveler's lovely pass, —
A yielding, verdant wall;
While here and there, in patches wide,
The richer maize appears,
With rustling leaf, and silken guide
To the bright golden ears.

Here forest elm and tulip tree,†
The river's colonnade,
Yield fainting herd a canopy;
Or weary man a shade;
With tokens scattered thick around,
Of a past nation's might, —

* Northampton.

† The tulip tree (lyriodendron tulipefera) delights in a rich alluvial soil, as is found in marshes, or on the borders of rivers; and, though a native of the Middle and Western States, the writer recollects having seen it in its full splendor on the banks of the Connecticut.

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Mementoes of the war-whoop sound,
The tocsin of our night.
With nature's works here ancient Art
In age and splendor strives,
Her head grown hoar, but green at heart;
And thus her work survives,

In shingled wall and German roof,
Moss-grown where tempests beat,
In old Time's warp, the pleasant woof,
Which makes the web complete;—
The fairest scenery God has spread,
In all our lovely land;
The climax of perfection, shed
From his uncopying hand.
On such a spot may Science well
Her sacred temple build,
Throwing around the scene her spell,
And Art the fabric gild.

And well the fane may consecrate
To woman's gentler mind;
For waxing is her star of fate;
Darkness no more shall blind.
More noble than the Propylæa
Of Athens' pride and grace,
To Learning's inner temple here
Pass *mothers* of the race.

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Hallowed as her Lyceum shade,
And lovely as its site,
Upon Ilissus' borders laid —
To *woman*, glory, light.

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THE GIFT OF POESY.

And do ye covet it, — the poet's gift?
Ye know not what ye ask; else would ye lift
Your eyes to Heaven, and in the spirit pray
That from your hearts this cup might pass away.

Ye know not what ye ask who build the fire:
The heart consumes and rises from the pyre —
The phœnix — but to be consumed again,
In constant burnings and in constant reign.

It is to bear the burthen of a mind
With God's mark, as on Cain, lest any find
And slay; for slay they would, — the strong,
So powerless hearts, so keenly touched by wrong,
Were 't not that he, as on their frontal bone,
Protecting seal hath set, — "*Stand thou alone!*"
Thus solitary does the poet stand,
On earth proscribed, his good not in his hand,
Of large possessions, and e'er bearing rule
O'er kingdoms vast, and yet the monarch's "fool."

It is to bear the burthen of a soul
With mark before it, yet ne'er reached its goal;

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No, never reached; for further on the stake,
At every stride its broad advances make:
A soul too large for tenement so small,
And constant grating 'gainst its narrow wall,
Till, worn and torn by struggling all in vain,
Quick bursts the cell, and it escapes its pain.
As fetus bird, the eldest of the brood,
Too early grown, and longing for its food
And open air, where, through immensity,
Its pinions it may spread, forever free,
Impatient of its confines, struggling there
For breath of heaven, it faints in its despair;
And, when the nestlings of the flock are felt
Beneath the parent wing, and soft tones melt,
In lovely music, through the forest heard,
Joining the melody of mother bird,
Lies stiff and cold, where erst its toils had striven,
That one too early fledged, too early plumed for heaven.

Ye know not what ye ask: the poet's crown
To wear on earth, to share in his renown,
Baptized in sorrow must the spirit be, —
Immersed in fearful depths, where, as the sea
Upheaveth wave on wave, for far beneath
The jewel lies that sparkles in his wreath:
White must his vesture be who bears the lyre;
His spirit like the gold that 's passed the fire,

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Full seven times tried, ere he may swell the psalm,
Or sit beneath the shadow of the palm.*

Who sorrow for it, did ye never know
It is a fiery fever, sure, though slow,
To wear the soul out, and as constant burns
As ever, evermore the spirit yearns
For its congenial clime, far, far away,
Beyond its nether vision, marked by clay.
The poet's gift, — if to you it belong,
Then shall this be the burthen of your song:
And will ye take it? would ye wake the strain, —
The plaintive music pour, with longings vain?
Pause, pause, ere ye pronounce the magic word,
Or in your hearts the "*sesame*" be stirred.

Shield me, shield me from the world,
Shield me from its ill and wrong;
Its pirate banner is unfurled, —
I am weak, but it is strong.

Shield me, for my heart doth know
It hath with it no fellowship;
It is secret as a foe,
False the brow and false the lip.

* It scarcely need be noted here, that the palm was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

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It hath a merry soul within,
And a merry smile without;
But to heartlessness akin
Is its noisy, boisterous shout.

And I fear it; well I may,
For it hath its archers strong,
Standing sentry by the way,
Where must pass the child of song.

And it hath its altar fires
Flaming high on every hill;
And for sacrifice requires
Spotless lamb, its hearth to fill.

It is full of avarice,
And the sordid lust for gold;
The heart with it hath current price,
And for base reward is sold.

It is haughty, it is proud,
And the diamond hath a charm
For its gayly-fashioned crowd,
All their sympathies to warm.

It will rob, and beat, and bruise
Feeble pilgrims on their way;
Where they walk are murderous crews:
My soul is faint and weak as clay.

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Ah, I fear it; well I may,
For my heart is keenly strung;
And an unkind look will slay,
A careless word e'en, on the tongue.

And that seemeth wrong to me,
Which its justice proudly shares;
Its kindness or its lenity,
Harshness to my heart declares.

And I cannot bear the press,
The rude jostlings of the crowd;
Nor can I ever kneel and bless,
Where to idols they have bowed.

I am solitary, lone,
And my heart within me dies;
Sighing for a kindred tone,
Dirge-like anthems ever rise.

My spirit longeth for its wings,
To bear it onward, upward, high
Far above terrestrial things;
Yearning thus, I sink, I die.

Shield me, for my heart doth know
It hath with earth no fellowship;
It feareth as a very foe,
Heart, and eye, and brow, and lip.

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And will ye take it now? or hath the word,
The "*shibboleth*," upon the lip been heard
Long since? or the wan visage told
The serpent's writhing in your mantle's fold?
Then do ye know it is a fearful gift,
And finds its mark, as feathered arrow swift
Sped from the archer's bow, in poison dipped,
Not only pierces, but, with venom tipped,
Spreads through the circling current, deadly bane,
Which to extract all human power were vain.
And this ye also know, and keenly feel, —
No joy is deeper than the poet's weal;
And if to heaven he rise, no bliss like his,—
Himself a mystery of mysteries,
And well prepared to drink the largest draught
That angels e'er from those pure fountains quaffed:
Or if to darkness of despair he go,
In the black regions of the world below,
Deeper, and darker, thousand times more fell,
Than his, e'en Lucifer's, the poet's hell!
For he is fashioned not like other men,—
For every bleeding fibre he hath ten;
And, like the fabled lion, toils of thread
May bind him ever to a restless bed;
Though in the forest wilds, mid nature's charms,
His own pure element, nought e'er alarms;
For he is lord within of sea and earth,
The whole wide world of love his fireside hearth.

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THE SABBATH.

WHAT means the chime of pealing bells,
As on the still, high morn it swells?
Why is that stillness in the hall
Of lordly prince, 'neath 'scutcheoned wall,
Or in the cottage, e'er his scorn?
It is the holy Sabbath morn.

'T is solemn stillness on the hill;
In grot and glen is music still;
The city still, no sound is there,
Save the low, hallowed voice of prayer:
E'en lingering beauty there has knelt;
For there the Sabbath hours are felt.

The laden vessel, homeward bound,
Alone awakes the stillness round,
As 't were the Sabbath's holy breeze
Were surety on the threatening seas!
The hamlet, hushed in silence dead,
Feels, too, its meek and holy dread.

O'er the broad world is stillness spread,
Where Christian footsteps ever tread;

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All nations, tongues, and people bend,
And to the still, small voice attend;
The atheist, e'en, with reverent nod,
Pauses as he believed a God.

Proud Europe, o'er her kingdoms far,
Proclaims deep silence; while the czar
Upon his gilded cushion kneels,
And as a lowly subject feels;
And Moscow's walls around are still;—
'T is Sabbath on the plain and hill.

Dark, warring Greece, so long unblest,
Now hails the day of holy rest;
And France, with all her splendor, feels
A vassal; her proud monarch kneels;
The Switzer shuts his cottage door,
And owns the Sabbath's soothing power.

Spain, with her dark Castilians, bows,
While marks of blood are on their brows;
They dare not add black crime to crime,
But pause in guilt,—'t is holy time!
The sister isles of Melita
Have Sabbath in their tideless sea.

Afric, long stretched in darkness dun,
Feels, too, the Sabbath's cheering sun;

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On Asia, and her southern isles,
This morning's sacred stillness smiles:
'T is silence all in every clime;—
Vast empires feel 't is holy time.

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EPISTLE TO ——.

I owe thee much: thou wast by God designed
The body's guardian, healer of the mind!
Thou stranger, friend, through Heaven, I owe to thee
A life prolonged, the power, the will, to be,—
A life, prolonged, endeared by thousand ties,
By loves, by hopes, by visions that arise
And sweep across my way, and onward press,
Building high towers for human happiness,—
A life, though weak, by others cherished here,
For given, the pathway over earth to cheer
Of one, another self; and to its care,
Spirits in childhood, charged by faith and prayer,
To train as virtue's bright examples here,
And passed from earth to people heaven's high sphere:
Prolonged, still brief, as by brief tenure held,
Forbidden by disease the gates of Eld.
Yet life in hoary age,—I ask it not,
If spent the faculties that bless our lot:
Outlive the powers within, outlive one's self!
No, I would perish with the mind's rich delf;
Ere fourscore years, *thus* who 'd not wish to die,
Else dip from fount like fabled Bimini? *

* One of the Lucayo islands, which, in story, is represented as possessing a fount, from which all who drink may renew their youth and vigor.

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Incited oft, meet tribute would I bring
For offices like thine, and courteous fling
Around my lyre the drapery that can lure
And charm the mind, language both chaste and pure;
For deeds like thine, *meet tribute*, did I say?
It is not mine to pour it in my lay:
I would it were; then should my offering be
Worthy my gratitude as worthy thee.

To have prolonged a human life on earth,
Tells high commission, deed of holy worth;
For weal or woe, a life, however small,
By sacred unction held, is life to all:
Some value it for fame, and some for gold,
Some for their honor, though twice ten times sold;
Some cherish it as 't were their only heaven,
And some — but few indeed — for what 't was given.
But what is life, I ask, held but for show,
Unchecked by reason, chastened not by woe?
Nay, what is life, if, living, we but scan
The outward portion of the outer man, —
In heartless form, cold ceremony spent,
Unmarked by kindly deeds, and all unblent
With pure associations that arise, —
Its thousand, thousand nameless sympathies?
As such it were an idle drudgery,
Unblessing and unblest, its end, — to die!

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Groveling and low beneath what God designed,
And yet beneath man's noble, godlike mind;
It is the spark within, the mind alone,
To which I fealty pay; the mighty throne
Where I do homage next to his above,
Guided by motives such as human love.
"The man entire," ungartered and unstarred,
As said by one whose mind was never marred
Or hindered, it would seem, by forms of earth,
But, onward, its proud watchword since its birth, —
Untinseled, unbegemmed, "the heart within
Is the whole man;" to reverence more were sin,
Were folly, such as thou nor I would not
Upon our reputation were the blot.
'T is for its interchange of hallowed thought,
Its sacred sympathies with minds high wrought,
Its power to bless, be blest, its smile, its tear,
I love my life, and wish to sojourn here.
Such, then, the heart I hold, though frequent wrongs
And such the life, through Heaven, thou hast prolor

Accept my offering, then, though poor it be;
I would it were a tribute worthy thee.

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I AM A MATRON NOW.

O, I remember well the lawn,
  The haycock and the mow;
And, thinking on 't, a sigh I 've drawn;
  For I 'm a matron now; —

The hill, too, reaching, like a tower,
  Upward to heaven's broad blue;
The rye-field, with its cockle flower,
  Far stretching in the view; —

The berry patch, beyond it spread,
  With here and there a slough,
Where oft my romping limbs have bled; —
  But I 'm a matron now.

Ah, ever I remember these,
  And many a thing beside;
The oozing spring, 'neath groups of trees,
  That oft my thirst hath dried; —

The "hang-bird's" * nest, just in the wood,
  Slung from the maple bough,

* The golden oriole.

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I longed to reach, though ne'er I could ; —
And I 'm a matron now ; —

The martin, in her country dress,
The windows peeping through ;
The golden pippin in the press,
The foaming cider new ; —

The corn-crib in the granary,
That oft I 've tumbled o'er,
When heaped with golden treasure high ; —
But I 'm a child no more ; —

Of life, ah, precious mimicry, —
My tiny table spread,
And baby bidden not to cry,
Until the guests were fed.

Now has the real drama come ;
This is no mimic scene, —
No counter farce this whirl and hum,
With care and woe between.

Now I must speak and act by rule,
And dignify the bow ;
No " manners " of the country school ;
For I 'm a matron now.

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What though I have within my home
  Rich founts of happiness, —
Fair flowers just in their childhood bloom,
  The cherished sire to bless?

Yet, as they fond my neck entwine,
  And kiss my pallid brow,
I almost wish their childhood mine; —
  For I 'm a matron now.

I 've schooled my heart, though hard, to bear
  The folly and the strife,
And learned, in part, the mask to wear
  Of artificial life.

I hate it all, and do but mock
  Whene'er I take its vow:
But 'ts vain to sigh for kilts or frock;
  For I 'm a matron now.

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THE PROCRASTINATOR.

Old man, old man, why sittest thou here?
Dost know that the night of the dead gathers near?
Rise up, then, and finish thy work while 't is day;
There 's no power on the earth can lengthen thy stay:
With a passage resistless, *we 're* hurrying on;
We wait on thy footsteps; — rise up and begone!

We hasten, we hasten; nought lingers around;
The wind rushes by us, and leaves but its sound;
The flowers scarcely bloom ere they fall to decay;
The seasons just greet us, then hasten away:
Old man, in thy hoarness, why sittest thou here?
Complete now thy toil; for thy change, too, is near!

The tribes of the air tell the hurry of earth;
They blacken and fall in the midst of their mirth:
Fix thy thoughts, then, old man; their fate is thine own;
Ask to linger the wing and list to their tone;
There are others soon coming to sit on these boughs;
We haste, then, we hasten to warble our vows.

The streams hurry onward and make no delay;
Ask of them in their progress one moment to stay,

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And listen thou then, for their voice is the same, —
On errand we 're sent, to the blue boundless main;
There are waters above us that wait for these sands;
We hasten, we stop not for mortal demands!

We 're passing, we 're passing; nought lingers around;
To that unexplored country, with thee, *we are* bound;
We 're in haste, too, old man; the wind and the wave,
Birds, flowers, tell our haste to the dark voiceless grave:
With a passage *resistless*, we are hurrying on;
We wait on thy footsteps; — rise up and begone!

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DIRGE FOR THE LATE WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sad is the hour, and sad the wail,
All mournful the array;
Our sighs float on the evening gale —
Chief, 't is thy burial day:
With solemn chime of tolling bell,
Tearful we gather here;
And loud the dirge and requiem swell
Around thy lowly bier.

But muffled drum at evening heard,
With trailing stripe and star,
And drooping wing of emblem bird,
Above thy funeral car;
Or sable badge and poet's dirge,
To mournful stave, and slow, —
Though we these sad insignia urge,
But feebly speak our woe.

Thou wast of patriot hearts the hoard,
From east to farthest west;
The sullen savage, by his gourd,
Smiled to his "*father*" blest, —

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Nay, looked to thee to right the wrong
Our wresting hand had wrought,
And give him back the prairied song
Of bird his *cal'met* bought.

While breath of youth and childhood fanned
The flowers along thy road,
And woman twined, with lithesome hand,
The wreath her lord bestowed;
But now no more the patriot throng
Shall joyous bend to thee;
Thy name no more shall youth's glad song,
Or childhood's chorus, be.

Nor woman, glowing with the fire,
Weave garlands for thy brow;
Or loving minstrel sweep his lyre,
To merry cadence now:
Hushed is the song in bannered hall,
That hymned our jubilee;
And quenched the lights on blazoned wall,
That told our hope in thee.

Mid dance, and feast, and mirth, and joy,
The unseen finger wrote;
And he who comes but to destroy,
Our country's idol smote:

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The wreath we placed upon thy brow,
Alas, was idly twined;
For deathless laurels bind it now,
Worthy a heavenly mind.

But plaint and wail are nought to thee,
With golden crown and lyre;
Far more than freemen thou are free,
And than our honors higher:
Still with the chime of tolling bell,
RULER, we gather here,
And loud the dirge and requiem swell
Mournful around thy bier.

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ODE FOR JULY FOURTH.

AGAIN this hallowed morn we greet,
As children of the free,—
An era for our gladness meet,
Columbia's jubilee.
Well may we raise our anthems high,
And swell our notes of praise:
Our altar fires ascend the sky,
While Freedom lights the blaze.

Our gallant fleets are fearless borne
Far o'er the coral sea,
Wafting upon the breath of morn
The song of liberty:
The fertile South, and prairied West,
In peace and plenty meet;
While on New England's mountain crest
The flocks by thousands bleat.

Our starry banner waves untorn
Above our patriot dead;
While, of our glory yet unshorn,
We worship where they bled:

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Then never let us break the tie
That gives us "Union" claim,
Or, for a palsied dynasty,
Barter our dear-bought fame.

Forever hallowed be the soil
Where erst our fathers stood;
Made precious by their tears and toil,
And sacred by their blood;
And to the God who wreathed their brows,
Low let us bend the knee;
And mingle with our solemn vows
"The anthems of the free."

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THE HARVEST MOON.

Say, what dost thou look upon, lovely thing,
Where so dimly falls thy shadowing
On the still earth, or the waveless sea,
When soft dews rest on the upland lea?

"I look on the ocean in quiet rest,
Where the white sail she bears on her breast;
And I see, within that cabin low,
A mourning mother in silent woe;
The babe, she has brought from climes afar,
And nightly watched in that damp sea air,
From her arms is laid, its errand done;
And the waves must fold her only son!
Deep, deep, is her anguish and despair,
For her heart's fond one, — he is not there:
She weeps alone; they soothe not her woes;
For the mourner's anguish no stranger knows.

"I look on earth in the lighted hall,
Where gay dancers hold their festival;
'T is gladness there, while the merry song
Flows pure from the lips of that bright throng;
And the sound of lute and harp rises high,
In the melting tones of melody:

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But there is there a veiled, voiceless one,
Mid that mirth and splendor, sad, alone!
Rich cadences fall, but they wake not
The heartfelt joy of her early lot;
And, yet, she laughs with those laughers there,
While on her settles deep, dark despair;
And the bursting sigh, — she breathes it not, —
For an hour like that must no sorrow blot:
'T is her bridal eve, and maidens there,
Have decked with flowers her braided hair,
While the massy diamond's glittering
Is like gentle dew on a withered thing:
There are brighter gems, too, as richly set
As sprinkled on kingly coronet
And flowing robe, and the bridal ring, —
But, ah, on her brow are gathering
The pale hues of death — she sickens there,
For her bursting heart no more can bear;
And that festal cheer, it passes now, —
They have *forced* on her the bridal vow!
Those priceless gems she cannot wear,
For the heart, the heart, it is not there!

"I look, too, on a vine-wreathed bower
Where fond ones linger in lovers' hour;
They have met there now, but gathering tears
Tell the tale, alas, of their future years:
'T is the parting hour, the last, last one
That they must meet in that bower alone!

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The farewell is said; they linger still;
A feeling, spell-like, is that wild thrill;
They turn again, and one fond caress,
Ere the heart goes forth in loneliness!

"And I look afar on a brighter 'hall,'
Where the woodbine climbs the trellised wall,
And the honeysuckle hangs around
'Its slender cups,' and the wind's low sound
Comes in soft murmurings through the leaves
Of the 'spreading larch,' and gently heaves
The catalpa boughs, and persimmon,
From the island gardens of the sun:
There, too, the rich drooping willow spreads
Its pendant leaves o'er the myrtle beds,
And the rose-plant sheds its fragrance round,
Bending with dew to the moistened ground;
And within 't is bright, for luxury there
Has spread her couch, and her costly fare,
And it seemeth glad; yet in that hall
One sighing sits, and neglectful all
Of the gentle hush the zephyrs fling
O'er the sleeping flower, and humbler thing:
He heedeth not the night bird's song,
Though her dirge-like notes she poureth long,
And all lovely things no longer bless,
For to him 't is utter loneliness:

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There is one on whom he dotes, afar,
And he sighs her kind caress to share:
He hath no hope but to her is given;
E'en linked with her are his dreams of heaven;
Yet the deep chill of absence settles there,
With the weight of sickness and despair!

* * * *

But what hand may trace the course of fate,
Or picture the soul that is desolate?
Or who may tell where the gayest seem,
How troubled and dark their gladdest dream?"

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THE DISAPPOINTED OF EARTH.

ONE was an aged man, of hoary head,
Who sate as one long prisoned for the tomb;
His bosom's early friend, its kindest, fled,
His heart now cherished nought but woe and gloom.
His children, one by one, had laid them down,
In distant lands, to their unearthly sleep;
His joys, his hopes — all, all, long since were done,
And on his brow sate disappointment deep; —
A wretched thing, yet could not, dare not, weep!

And by his side there sate, cursing his fame,
One who had towered high on ambition's wing,
Whose gold had been his god, whose love, a name —
All else, a sordid, mean, unnumbered thing.
But what of earth endures? Not fame, or gold:
His fled him, — all his heart had hoarded here,
And now to grinding chains and black despair was sold:
Beyond this earth he knew no brighter sphere;
'T was chaos, — darkness tenfold blacker there.

And there was, too, a weary, hopeless youth,
Just verging on to manhood's brighter day:
To him, life's lightest visions, stamped with truth,
Had crowded up, and peopled all his way.

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Ah, he had dreamed, how fondly dreamed, of bliss,
As he had talked and toiled with ancient lore;
Had hoped renown, a flattering world's caress;
E'en more, — a fame like that great Cæsar bore,
And then a monument to tell it o'er.

These were his early dreams, but dreams indeed;
That towering, lofty soul and searching mind
Secured him nought but disappointment's meed,
And deeper woe than spirits groveling find:
An orphan's lot, in penury to toil,
And drag along his little, weary way
A sickly frame, consumption's early spoil,
And rest him then in life's meridian day,
Unknown, unhonored, where the weary lay.

There, too, a maiden sate, with pallid cheek,
Whose sickly, sunken eye scarce moved around;
The world, to her as Zarah's desert bleak,
Bloomed not, nor budded, — a parched, barren ground.
She had been of the beautiful and gay,
Loving and loved, as all earth's gentle things;
But blight came o'er *him*, and from summer's day
To where the autumn eve no chillness brings
He passed, and left these deadly witherings.

And this was disappointment most severe; —
A heart like hers, reft of its kindred heart,

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And ever dark and lone and hopeless here,
Has no companion tear, associate part:
'T is like the trusting plant on Iceland's hills,
Alone amid the winter's beating blast,
And lingering still, as though the withering chills
Of that long, polar night might soon be past,
Or starlight wake a freshness o'er the waste.

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THE BLIND POET.

The light of the day, 't is gone, 't is gone, —
  The light of the pleasant day,
And the glorious things I gazed upon
  Are passed from my sight away;
And the brightness of the summer beam,
No longer it gilds my morning dream.

The beauty, too, of the hill and plain,
  And the broad old woodland spot,
With their cumbrous boughs and rustling grain,
  Is passed, and I see them not;
Or the gorgeous clouds, as they float along
In their airy path of light and song.

'T is darkness, too, where the murmuring stream
  Comes trickling from rocks sublime,
And stops in their caves to tell its dream
  Of the things of the olden time:
O, that is a sight 't were joy to see;
Alas, my age, 't is no more for me!

'T is darkness around the ancient groves
  Where I swept my classic lyre
To songs of youth, and my boyhood's loves,
  And burned with a poet's fire:

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They stand there still in their loftiness,
But their pride no more my sight will bless.

The fair, bright world, it has passed away,
With its beauty, strength, and power;
And the tender smile that inspired the lay
Of my manhood's glorious hour:
That cherished smile, — it was bliss to me,
But no more it shadows my destiny.

Loved harp of my youth, I cast thee down,
For the magic of thy song
Has passed from my soul; thy spell has flown
With the gay, and fair, and strong;
The beautiful and the bright are crushed,
And well may thy lifting tones be hushed.

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WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

LADY, I would upon this page engrave,
In burning characters, as bright as those
That on the Chaldean's wall prophetic gleamed,
One simple truth, — one record — only one;
One word contains it, — *immortality.*
How fraught with meaning, — IMMORTALITY!
The solitude of earth, its woe, its pain,
Its quenchless longings, friendship, love, and joy,
And promise of that bliss beyond the tomb,
Which not the heart of man hath e'er conceived, —
All pour at once their incense on the soul,
And hush the spirit as the sound is heard!
IMMORTALITY! what a blissful word!
Forever bear it in thy mind and heart;
So wilt thou hold a treasure pure and deep,
An antidote for ill, and for thy woe,
If woe e'er come, assuager uncontrolled.

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FAREWELL, MY HARP.

FAREWELL, my harp, — a long farewell!
Some lighter heart must wake thee,
And gayer thoughts thy chords must swell,
Than these with which I take thee.

O, many an hour in life's rough way,
Thy soft, wild notes have charmed me,
And swelled to love, in tender lay,
With bliss all pure have warmed me.

I weep to lay thee by, sweet lyre,
So well, so long, I 've loved thee,
But youth's glad dreams, and fancy's fire,
Are gone, by which I moved thee.

Then fare thee well, my harp, farewell!
A lighter heart must wake thee,
And gayer thoughts thy chords must swell,
Than these with which I take thee.

My heart and thee too well compare,
As oft their lays have spoken;
Both injured by earth's chilling air,
Their loveliest chords all broken.

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What hand, alas, may e'er unite
  Their severed strings so tender;
Return and sweep them in their blight, —
  O, who such kindness render?

Here, on the willow's drooping arms,
  I hang thee, lyre, in sadness,
As reft of all thine early charms,
  Thy tones of mirth and gladness.

So fare thee well, my harp, farewell!
  A lighter heart must wake thee,
And gayer thoughts thy chords must swell,
  Than these with which I take thee.

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